

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I believe that a keen sense of humor or perhaps I should say, a keen sense of the ridiculous is at the same time the greatest blessing, and one of the greatest curses that ever fairly godmother conferred on her godchild, at the christening feast. It is a wonderful help over the rough places of life, and it has shed a ray of sunshine on many a dark day, and cheered many a lonely hour, but it is a dangerous weapon to place in injudicious hands and a most embarrassing gift to those who are continually beset by a sort of imp of laughter who persists in making them see the funny side of everything, from the solemn hypocrite who preaches one thing, with his eyes turned up towards the ceiling, to the same hypocrite who preaches another, with the same orbs fixed on the main chance, when he thinks no one is looking, down to the dog hurrying suspiciously into a secluded nook to hide the half chewed bone, which no one but himself could possibly want, and publishing by his exaggerated anxiety for secrecy the very fact he is so anxious to conceal—that he has something unusual on hand. But still, such a disposition is natural, and must be accepted with the same degree of resignation called for by red hair, or a bad temper, while if its owner be possessed of ordinary common sense she may pass through life without doing much mischief or making more than the average number of enemies poor humanity must expect to have, in this world. But there is a kind of spurious wit which I am sorry to say seems to be growing more common every day, and which is a veritable two edged sword in the hands of those who cultivate it. It is such cheap wit and often so cruel that I often wonder how any woman who aspires to the title of lady, can indulge in it; and yet it is amongst women that it is the most common, and the habit grows upon them so insensibly and so rapidly that I declare to you, girls, I have known women whose hearts were really no worse than those of their neighbours, and whose position in society should have taught them better, who would hold their dearest friend up to ridicule rather than spoil the effect of a bad pun, or an indifferent joke. They did not intend to be false, or treacherous, but they had simply acquired a reputation for saying smart things, for being clever, and they must keep it up at all risks. So by and by, the victims hear about Miss Blank's clever sayings, and much as they admire her and appreciate her wit when it is exercised for their benefit and at the expense of someone else, they fail to see the point when their own turn comes to unconsciously afford entertainment for a select circle in which they themselves are not included, and they begin to give that lady what is usually styled in nautical language a wide berth. One victim confides in another, and after a time Miss, or Mrs. Blank, as the case may be, finds her circle of friends growing smaller, until at last she is so universally dreaded she is universally shunned, and instead of being a very popular woman she awakes at last to the unpleasant fact that she is the very reverse, and is lost in amazement at the ingratitude of humanity in turning against a woman who has always exerted herself so unwearyingly to amuse her friends. And she is quite sincere; it never strikes her for a moment that she was cruel, or unkind in any way, probably if anyone suggested such a thing to her she would save her conscience with the excuse that she had not the slightest doubt her friends did the same thing to her, when her back was turned, and she had not the least objection, as long as it amused them, and did not harm her; but I think if she could have heard them doing it once or twice she would have had a different story to tell since none of us like to be laughed at. Now there is no one who likes brightness and cleverness more than I do, I love a woman who can appreciate, and tell a good joke, or a good story, and who can enjoy the fun with which the world is filled, she is a boon to society and a blessing in her own home circle. But when it comes to the cruel speech which provokes a laugh at the expense of some absent friend or acquaintance and which we should not dare to make in his presence, or the witty remark which holds some personal peculiarity of his up to ridicule, then it is not wit, nor humor, but simply coarseness and cruelty combined, since no gentleman ever willingly inflicts pain. Don't do it girls! if you find you must be either witty and coarse, or kind hearted, and dull, choose the latter and better part, every time.

Two little Scotch immigrants in the shape of magazines which seek welcome recognition on Canadian shores this month, will have a special interest for Canadian women, since they afford more than a glimpse of the tastes and pursuits of two ladies upon whom Canadian eyes are eagerly fixed; just now, the Countess of Aberdeen, and her daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon; to whom we all hope to extend a royal welcome before long, when they come out to us, to assist in representing Her Majesty at Ottawa.

The larger of the two magazines is the organ of the "Onward and Upward, As-

sociation," and is edited by the president of the association, the Countess of Aberdeen. Of course we all know that Lady Aberdeen is at present in Chicago in charge of the Irish Industrial Exhibit, especially the Irish village; and the editorial page contains some pleasant references to the editor's absence from her office, and to the work she has undertaken at the great World's Fair.

That the Countess is deeply interested in the welfare of the working classes, and a true philanthropist is very evident. The opening article in the current number is from her pen, and deals not only exhaustively, but in the most interesting manner, with the subject of "Irish Industries" the condition of the Irish people, and the reasons which have operated to keep them almost in a state of starvation, and the industries which are essentially national, such as the making of the exquisite Limerick, Irish point. Carrickmacross laces, nearly all of which, except the Limerick, owe their origin to the terrible famine of 1848, when charitable ladies set themselves to provide work for the starving poor. Lady Aberdeen also describes the shirt trade of Londonderry, the basket making of Letterfrack, in the wildest part of the wild West of Ireland, and the embroidery, and plain sewing for which the little village of Marfield, near Clonmel, has become noted. I note with surprise that the once famous Irish poplin, is not once mentioned amongst the national products of the country, and I am curious to know the reason; it may be that the industry has become paralyzed through lack of support, since poplin is no longer very fashionable.

The article is illustrated with a sketch of the Irish village at the World's Fair, in which all the industries of Ireland may be seen in miniature, each in full operation, and another very spirited sketch of the far famed Blarney Castle, an exact model of which is a feature of the Irish village at the Fair. The little magazine which costs but one penny, contains 32 pages of reading matter, not one page of which is without interest, and it is specially adapted for the needs of women and young girls. Besides the article noted, it contains a contribution from the pen of Donald Crawford, M. P., a chapter of travel in Morocco, illustrated with views of the city of Tangier, the market place at Tangier, and a portrait of a Moor, of the upper class. "How to make the Bains' Clothing," by "Mother," cannot fail to help those mothers to whom dress-making does not come easily, and "The Moral and Religious Training of Children" by J. M. Dryer, is full of good advice. "Is Your Life Tidy?" by Rev. F. G. M. Powell, and "A Council of Wives and Mothers," conclude the more thoughtful articles, while "Between Two Lady Days" a reprint from Miss Jane Barlow's delightful "Irish Idylls" is a homely tale of Irish peasant life which will be appreciated by old and young, and "How Good came out of Seeming Ill," is a charming and sensible little story for girls.

All this is for one penny—two cents—and when the quality of the paper, printing, and general make up are considered, it is amazing that even a philanthropic society can afford to issue anything so good, and at the same time, so cheap. I believe the aim of the magazine is to bring good literature within the reach of all.

But if two cents seems cheap for a good monthly, what can be said of an attractive and well edited little magazine for little folks, which costs a halfpenny, or one cent per month? Such is the modest price of "Wee Willie Winkie," a little magazine for boys and girls, which is edited, as the title page tells us, by "Lady Marjorie Gordon, and her mother." Evidently the gifted mother who takes so warm an interest in the welfare of her fellow creatures, has a bright daughter who is following in her footsteps. The little monthly is profusely illustrated and the frontispiece of the June number is a picture of the Queen as a very little girl with closely cut wavy hair, wide Garden hat, little short white dress, and sandalled shoes. She is walking down a garden path, carrying with manifest effort a large watering pot; and looks very much like any other sweet little country-maiden. One of the chief features of the publication is the Good Gossip Club, which encourages the children who wish to belong to it—"Wee Willie Winkie's Bairs"—to contribute little anecdotes of their own, to the Club, sometimes these anecdotes are illustrated by their authors in a manner which is very marvellous. A specimen of these contributions will be interesting.

Victoria Terrace, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

Dear Lady Marjorie,—I want to tell you a true story. It was once at a farm, I had a kitten, and after we had been to church we did go for a walk after dinner, and the kitten would follow us like a dog through the woods. Robert Patton, aged 9.

In addition to the Gossip Club, the little ones have many inducements offered them, to take an interest in literature, in the prize puzzle competitions, The Parables from Nature. Dolls' House Furniture, Monday Albums, and numerous other attractions, not forgetting an original prize story. One particularly interesting child's letter comes from a little damsel in Inverness, Scotland, whose

mother once lived in Quebec, which contains a better picture of Canadian life than is often found in English or Scotch papers, with clever sketches, by the writer's mamma, of tobogganning, and snow-shoeing in Quebec.

Both these magazines are published by G. Duncan, & Son, of Edinburgh, and S. W. Partridge & Co. of London.

These small specimens of the work done by the Countess and her daughter will serve to give Canadians some idea of the advantages we are likely to gain from their residence amongst us; but it would be hard indeed to picture the loss their departure for Canada, will mean for their own people.

The organdy muslins are lovely this summer, and their apparent cheapness is so alluring that unless you possess the wisdom which only comes through having invested in an organdy before, I say apparent cheapness, because by the time you have them made up, they really make a most expensive dress. In the first place they will not wash, that is with any certainty of satisfaction to the wearer, and in the second place to look well they must be lined with thin silk, any other foundation makes them look cheap, and destroys their beauty; the delicate pinks and heliotropes in which many of them come are very apt to fade, and when all these drawbacks are taken into consideration you will find that a really good China silk or bengaline, is a much cheaper dress. Indeed it will be cheaper at first cost. Any girl who has a taste for dressmaking and wants a cheap and pretty dress, which will look as if it costs three times its actual value, cannot do better than invest in one of the black cotton challies, imitate their more expensive woollen sisters so perfectly, that unless they are touched it is almost impossible to tell the difference. Select a design in any color but white, which will be sure to soil soon, and look dingy, heliotrope, pale yellow or pink will be pretty. Then get a bit of China silk or bengaline matching the flower in the design as nearly as possible, make the yoke or vest of this, also a softly draped collar, folded belt and cuffs; by careful cutting, you should do this easily with a yard of silk, which will cost you 50 cents. If you wish to spend a little more, another yard will give you either full puffs for the top of the sleeves, or full bretelles. Trim the skirt with three bias flounces, set either close together, or as far apart as you like, in the hideous fashion, we none of us like, but which we shall doubtless all come to in time. Such a dress neatly made can never be distinguished from a challie, and when one remembers that good cotton challies range from fourteen to sixteen cents a yard, while the woollen ones are from 40 to 45, I think you will agree with me, and incline very much towards the cheaper dress. A dress such as I have described will not want washing for the whole summer, indeed with care it should last well into the second summer, and after that can be denuded of its finery and worn "for common."

The light challies are so lovely, that every girl should have one, if possible, and spend as much as she can afford on its adornment, and it she has a pretty one, and a black cotton challie, she will be tolerably well provided with best dresses for the summer.

The dress trimmings seem to grow more and more singular in design, and to run more than ever to ribbons, and bows. Imagine a dress of rose colored crepe, faintly shot with grey, and trimmed with one very narrow ruffle of black satin at the foot, and further decorated with a trimming of black satin ribbon put on in three perpendicular stripes down the front breadths! The first stripe is in the centre of the front, and the others are on each side; each stripe extends from beneath the belt to within a short distance of the foot, and terminates in a large bow, with draping loops and ends. The bows are a little over twelve inches apart, but of course the stripes are much closer together at the waist. A square yoke of black guipure lace, over rose silk, and black satin sleeves in double puffs complete the costume.

Imagine the hideous lace frills falling from the edge of the hat, coming in again! Terrible! but still it has made its appearance in some of the best fashion plates, and it looks like nothing so much as the shade of a piano lamp, which had been placed on the wearer's head in mistake for her hat.

Pink, and rose color, are very much worn, and as the latter is almost universally becoming, it is not to be wondered at! Rose color, veiled in either black or white lace is always charming, and to wear it effectively, it is only necessary that your complexion should not be too brilliant.

Lace is very effectively used in simulated zones, on the bodices of light dresses, and an odd and rather pretty fancy, is to draw them together with a sort of bow, of silk, or velvet, whichever the dress may be trimmed with; which is sewed in with the sleeves directly in front, gathered into soft folds, and fastened on the bust, with a rosette of the same. The effect, which is difficult to describe, is much like that of a butterfly bow, fastened just over the bust and reaching to the armbolts.

The deep lace, and muslin flounces so much worn, are frequently finished with a heading composed of a sort of wreath, so closely are they set together, of rosette-like rows, in either harmonizing or contrasting colors; and another favorite fancy, is for trimmings of lace insertion laid over brightly tinted silk. It is very effective on light dresses but rather too striking for dark ones.


Another new cotton material which might almost rival cotton challie, is cotton crepe, which washes beautifully, comes in lovely colors, and possesses the additional charm of being very inexpensive.

Do you wear russet leather shoes girls? Of course you do, and equally of course they make your feet look one third larger than they really are, if you but knew it, and they also lose their freshness faster a

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Will a reader of PROGRESS accept my best thanks for so kindly and promptly responding to my request for more light on the subject of the game of "Cinch"? I am very grateful for the trouble taken, and have great pleasure in publishing her(?) letter.

Cedar Hill, June 18, '93.

Dear "Astra."—In looking over PROGRESS today I noticed a letter to you and signed Helena, and asking you some questions about the game of "Cinch," which I will gladly answer. Does the dealer always have the choice of refusing all bids, and making the trump himself? No, he has no right to refuse the highest bid that is offered, provided he himself does not bid higher. The person to the left of the dealer always bids first.

Can each player bid only once, or can they bid till no more are offered? Each player bids only once, and that in his turn around the board.

Are clubs trumps, if the five of spades is counted as a trump and played as such? Yes; and the five of spades is counted as a trump because it is a corresponding Pedro to the 5 of clubs.

Also in a regular game, how many points are considered a game? Fourteen points. Say for instance, if I bid 10 points on clubs; clubs of course is the trump card, and the Pedro is the 5 of clubs and of spades. Whatever card you bid on in black or red that is the trump, and the corresponding Pedro in that color you play as a trump, and counts you 5 points.

Should be glad to answer questions to the best of my ability at any time, even to far away Brooklyn.

"A READER OF PROGRESS."

ASTRA.

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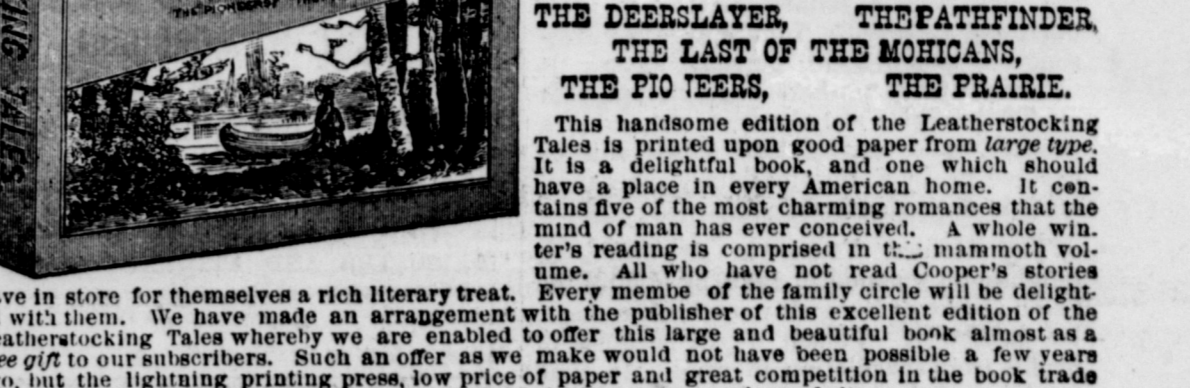
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