

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I have received the following breezy winkle from my clever contemporary "Kit" of the Toronto Mail, who is just now flying through the lower provinces, and who has dropped me this gay "squelcher" in passing,— "as a feather is wafted down-

wick and Nova Scotia—they are beyond "writing up," are too fresh (not in the slang term) and bright and wholesome. Besides, these letters of mine are merely impressionist pictures—misty daubs, with out any sense of perspective, or scheme of color. You accuse me of want of taste in writing about that red haired girl—my good "Astra," you might as well accuse a novelist of it when he depicts a

suppose I could be guilty of depriving my dear girls of the innocent joy they will feel when they read about your St. John hat being mistaken for the handiwork of a Parisian artiste, or that you are not just as much entitled to have your say on the subject—to criticise my criticism, as it were as I was to write it?

I know it was the Boston woman who put her foot down so vigorously on the poor Canadian hat that she squashed it out of shape, but "Kit," dear, I humbly submit that it was you who quoted her in connection with the St. John hat pure and simple—alas, too simple, and with not enough stiffening in it! "Limp," you said.

But bless your heart, comrade, rest assured that you may "return to St. John, and everything will be forgotten" as the agony columns say—you will be perfectly safe in coming amongst us unescorted, and even unarmed now, because, those two remarks of yours, first that you got your hats from New York, and next that a Halifax military man mistook the bonnet you bought in our town, for a Parisian one. Don't you know that good St. John people go to "N' York" when they die; and



LATE FALL JACKETS AND COAT SUITS.

At the left is a new jacket of the polka variety. The left center figure shows a new cloth box suit, skirt and loose jacket in slate serge with velvet collar and silk waist. The other center figure displays a dark green twill with facings of pale blue overlaid with dark green velvet ribbon. At the right is a new box coat of melton cloth.

ward from an eagle in its flight—I don't mean to classify "Kit's" letter as feathery, by any means, and even if it were only a feather, everyone knows that an eagle's smallest quill is of more value than the entire plumage of a commoner bird. "Kit" has kindly given me permission to print her little lecture, and as I feel sure that my readers will warmly welcome anything from her pen, I am glad to have the opportunity of publishing it in my columns.

SYDNEY, C. B., Nov. 5, 1894.

MY DEAR "ASTRA."—It was by the merest chance I saw PROGRESS this week, being busy burrowing underground. So I am not to return by St. John under pain of getting my "best Toronto bonnet" torn "into ribbons." Alack! but that is sad—still, the only way to avoid the destruction of my headgear is to keep clear of St. John, which I shall certainly do.

I like you for your clever defence of your "garden of girls," but, "Astra," surely it was the Boston woman, and not "Kit" who voted the Canadian hat—not the St. John hat particularly—a thing of "fantastic dreariness." To tell you the truth, dearly as I love Canada, I get my hats from New York, so

character—we get our pictures from the streets and you, bright journalist that you are, know this. She was "true true"—to life, that dear copper-haired girl—and I grew envious of her complexion. Bless her! she deserved better of fate than that hideous wrapper and limp hat—she was a lovely spurge of color, and I take off my hat to her in sincerest gratitude.

Nor did I meet personally your "haughty and defiant" St. John girl. I only saw her on the street and wondered what she was haughty about. What is there in St. John air that tends to produce this haughty and defiant demeanor? Do tell. And does she never really use powder? What, never!

Dear Astra—good little star of the sea—of course I'm not offended with you. I would like to shake hands with you and wish you all success. I only wish I had had more time to spend in pretty old St. John and see more of the St. John girl—but, then with that dreadful threat hanging over my "best bonnet" I daren't suggest my return to that outraged city—even under a strong Halifax "military escort."

Will you pardon this scribble in pencil? I am rushed for time, and, as you know, men may come and men may go—but "copy" has to turn in on time. Your sister in crime, Krr.

P. S.—I bought my last hat in St. John, by the way. The nicest Halifax girl said it was lovely till told her where it came from, then she said, "How



COIFFURES AND HATS FOR GIRLS.

The lower figure on the right shows a child's felt bonnet with a cape of silk to match, both trimmed with astrakhan cloth and ribbon bows. On the right is a ribbed green felt, trimmed with brown fur, and a green Tam o' Shanter crown. In the center are two styles of coiffure for young girls from 13 to 15. A cushion in the back has the hair turned over it.

if they happen [to cherish theosophical views] why then they hope that their next re-incarnation may take place in Paris; so now that we know that your hat came from New York it will not only be sure of a welcome from us, but will serve as a sort of helmet to protect its owner.

I know you won't tell anyone, "Kit," but the fact is I don't get my hats in St. John myself and I often wonder where our girls get their pretty headgear. I bought two here once, but I have repented, and won't ever do so again. Probably I was to blame in that matter, because I never will wear a bird or a wing, or an osprey plume on my head, so I am the despair of milliners everywhere.

Yes, I know we must get our pictures from the streets and funny silhouettes they are, sometimes! Why, I have seen girls coming home from church in Halifax whose costumes would have made your friend of the shapeless wrapper look quite spruce and trim if she had stood up beside them. I did so years to say something about the alltax girl's street dress at the time, but I wanted to go back to the city of fortifications and painless dwellings, so I thought better of it, and didn't. I wondered what you would think of their walking costume, when I heard you were in Halifax and felt like asking you to contrast them mentally with our girls, and give me the result.

And powder? Well, now, really, "Kit," I am surprised why, do you know I once went into a St. John drug store to buy a little of "Reicksecker's best" and what do you suppose the druggist said? He looked at me for a moment with a puzzled expression, and then he said, "Beg pardon, plate, or tooth powder, please?" The only reason I did not swoon, was because I had been doing some interviewing that winter, and my nerves were in good training; but I said coldly, "I mean the kind that babies use," and he handed me a block of magnesia! I really believe even the babies here do without powder. It's the fog you know, which clears our complexions and takes all the curl out of our hair at one fell swoop.

As for the 'orty manners of the St. John native I am not quite sure; sometimes I think it is the Loyalist blood—and then again I feel satisfied it is the [air—too much ozone you know, and ozone has a bracing effect! So has whalebone, it stiffens things wonderfully, and I think there must be analogies between the two. If that isn't it I'll have to give the riddle up.

IT is appropriate just now to speak of Overshoes and Rubbers.

With us this is the Season for Overshoes and Rubbers.

You Will Find Our Stock Complete in These Lines.

And the Prices in many Lines lower than Last Season, at Our New Store, 61 King St. and 212 Union St.

TELEPHONE 525.

So the Mail and the Herald were wroth exceedingly at what you said about Halifax society and they both "jumped on you," poor "Kit!" They thought you so clever when you said our ulsters did not hang right that they seized the opportunity of quoting what you wrote, but it made



Priestley's Cravenettes

Ladies who dress well are now wearing these waterproof goods for cloaks, wraps and all over garments. No other material is so satisfactory. They are Rainproof, Porous, Durable, Stylish, Healthy, Comfortable. When asking for them ladies should be sure to say "Priestley's Cravenettes."

See that the goods you buy are stamped EVERY FIVE YARDS with PRIESTLEY'S NAME. No others are of their manufacture.

"Impressionist pictures" are they, "misty daubs"? Well all I can say is, let us have as many of them as possible, "Kit," and more power to your elbow! Even if the Halifax reporter did make a mistake and your mission was not to write our women up, I think you will be quite safe in writing most of us down—your friends.

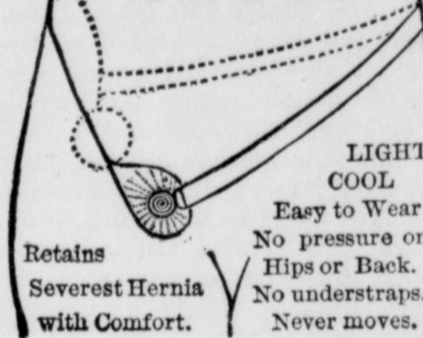
Here are a few homely recipes which I am sure will be of use to those girls who are going to take the sage advice I gave them last week, and learn to cook. I don't think I ever knew a girl starting out on the rugged pathway that leads in time to the serene heights of good housekeeping, who did not want to begin on cake or puddings. She seemed to think that once she should make two or three different kinds of cake, and a pudding or two, her culinary education was complete. So it would have been had she intended catering strictly for a girls' boarding school, or a perpetual Sunday school picnic, but if she looks forward to providing for the appetite or some able bodied healthy man, that would be beginning at the wrong end; few men care much for pudding, and the great majority of them never touch cake, but they all like good bread and butter, and most of them are fond of good hot rolls, muffins and tea biscuit. Awfully bad for their digestion, I know, but if they will eat them, why the best thing for us to do is learn how to make them of the best and lightest quality, and I have taken pains to select only the best and most simple recipes I have.

Rolls.

One and half pints of new milk one cupful of hop yeast, half a teaspoonful of salt, and flour to form a dough which must be covered and left to rise over night. In the

FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF THE

SILVER TRUSS



LIGHT COOL Easy to Wear No pressure on Hips or Back. No understraps. Never moves. Retains Severe Hernia with Comfort.

FOR SALE AT

The Montreal Silver Truss Co., 180 St. James Street, Room 6, 1st floor. MONTREAL, QUE.

Worth A Trial.

Hundreds of business men in this city read PROGRESS who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it.

Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written advt., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods there should be no doubt about the result.

Try it.

but fully equal to the famous Parker house rolls, if carefully baked.

Milk Biscuit.

Put one quart of sifted flour into a bowl, add to it a heaping tablespoonful of butter or lard; rub well together with the hands until the flour is thoroughly greased; add two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of salt, and sufficient milk to make a soft dough (about half a pint); mix and knead quickly. Roll out about half an inch thick, cut with a small round cutter, place two inches apart in greased pans and bake in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes. These biscuits should be a delicate brown top and bottom, light on the sides and snowy white when broken open.

Luncheon Muffins.

To make one dozen muffins use one pint of flour, a generous half pint of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, two eggs and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix the dry ingredients together and rub through a sieve. Melt the butter and beat the eggs until very light and add the milk to them. Add this to the dry ingredients, and stir in the melted butter. Beat the batter vigorously for a few seconds and then put in buttered muffin pans and bake for about twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Thanksgiving Pudding.

Mix three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of raisins, three tablespoonfuls of finely chopped salt pork, one egg, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of nutmeg and a sprinkling of cloves; add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat thoroughly together, pour it into a pudding dish and steam three hours. Sauce for pudding.—Make a smooth butter gravy, stir into it four tablespoonfuls of good brown sugar and the juice of a lemon. Letting it boil clear. ASTRA.



SEAL JACKET AND DINNER GOWN.

The gown on the right is of rich gray and pink brocade, with sleeves and drawings of crepe lisse. The costume on the left has a tan cheviot skirt and a seal-skin coat, cut away to show a white vest embroidered in red and gold. The reverses are of gray fox and there is a tippet of the same. The hat is of tan felt with seal.

that the "best Toronto bonnet" will be quite safe at home at Murray's.

Let me have a serious word with you, though. I did not come down to these beautiful provinces to "write up" the bright women who help to people them. That was the Halifax reporter's little joke. He made quite a dignified person of "Kit," "Gracious!" said she to herself when she read it—"did I talk like that!" and she groaned. I've met the loveliest, kindest, dearest girls in New Brun-

swick could you?" I felt there was something dowdy about it—felt it in my bones—but I couldn't just bustle. Now I know. It's got that hideous half-Boston, half-provincial twist in the back of it. But the nicest army man told me that same evening that one could always tell a Parisian hat from any other, and he was looking at my St. John hat when he said it.

"Send it to Hades through my W. P. B." Kit? Well now I should think not! Do you

Halifax man told me he knew that Halifaxians were "mad" about it, but every word "Kit" wrote was true; while another said yours was the best description of Halifax he had ever read, though he had seen many, and it was a favorite theme for writers. So I think you can afford to feel as independent as a midshipman on half pay.

morning add the whites of two eggs well beaten, half a cupful of butter, and flour enough for kneading. Knead the dough briskly for ten minutes, roll out to the thickness of half an inch, cut in four-inch squares, brush the tops with sweet milk, and fold over cornerwise; place them close together in buttered pans and set in a warm place until light, then bake in a quick oven. These rolls are not only easy to prepare,