

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I am afraid the readers of this column must have come to the conclusion last week that I had not been keeping Lent as I should, and the result of my back-sliding has been allowed to show all too plainly in the matter I furnished to the printers. I am very certain that I should not have blamed anyone who read the short article in the second column of my own page, for feeling sure I had been indulging too freely in the cup which both cheers and inebriates; because the matter in question not only had no middle, but no beginning, and no reason whatever for its existence: it seems to have alighted on that particular page simply because it could not find room anywhere else, and then to have claimed a sort of squatter's privilege of remaining.

But if anyone will take the trouble of turning to the second page of PROGRESS, reading the first column, and a bit of the second, and then skipping over to that funny scrap on page thirteen, it will be seen that the one is merely a continuation and finish of the other, though they managed to get separated in the composing room. I suppose I am largely to blame for the mistake because I see that I really finished the article very neatly in two places; and as the congregation invariably rise at the first indication of a long-winded clergyman bringing his sermon to a close, the knights of the press room thought if I had not finished it was time I did so, and they switched me off. I believe I will take the hint and deliver shorter orations in future.

I am so often asked by correspondents for my opinion on the subject of Lent, and the proper observance of the church's season of penitence and self-examination that I feel compelled to give some answer to the many queries on this subject; though I would much prefer keeping my opinions to myself lest they might be misunderstood by some, and wrongly interpreted by others, so that I would do more harm than good by saying what I thought. I must preface my remarks by saying that I speak in all reverence on a subject which I have devoted a great deal of earnest thought and attention.

"Do you believe in keeping Lent?" one correspondent asks; and another says, "I want you to tell me what you think about fasting in Lent; is it necessary or helpful in your opinion?"

To both these questions I can answer an unhesitating "yes," provided that Lent is kept honestly and earnestly without either of the two extremes—the one of flaunting the ashes on the forehead in public and having rather a good time when no one is looking; and the other a senseless asceticism which only violates the laws of health without doing any noticeable good to the spirit.

I never could believe that the mere fact of a man going around with an empty stomach would be accounted to his everlasting good when that very circumstance had such a bad effect on his health in general, and his temper in particular that it was almost impossible for his own family to live in the house with him! How much more acceptable a sacrifice it would be in the sight of all right thinking people, and I verily believe in the sight of the Lord, if that man had filled his epigastrium up comfortably with a good plain dinner, and kept Lent by paying a little more attention to his temper, and a good deal less to his digestive apparatus.

Why in the name of common sense should human nature be lowered by the supposition that the stomach is the seat of emotion, and it we wish to stimulate the religious feelings and reach the highest and holiest feeling of the human soul we must approach them through the stomach?

I hope I shall not be misunderstood in saying that, because I do believe that it is well not to let the body dominate the spirit, and keep it under. The first Napoleon believed that firmly, and he used frequently to go for 24 hours without food of any kind lest his body should become pampered to the detriment of his mental and spiritual strength, and though that famous general is scarcely a person I should wish to hold up as an example to be imitated, he showed wisdom in this particular case, I think. But I have seen the absurdity of fasting carried to excess so often, that I am not warmly in favor of it as a means of grace. I have seen intelligent people who believed they were serving God by going without food from breakfast time when they ate a small piece of dry bread, and drank a cup of tea without milk—until the sun had set; and yet these same people would go about their daily avocations just as usual, except for the trifling difference that they were like any other half starved animal, so savage from hunger that no one cared to come near them. They took a jaundiced view of everything, imputed the very worst of motives to the most ordinary actions of their friends and passed the day generally in a mood which was about as far removed from a religious one as it is possible to imagine. True they went to church as often as possible and prayed a good deal, but somehow their devotion did not seem to help their temper, in the least, and all those who were in any way brought into

contact with them breathed a sigh of relief when the day was over.

And yet these people could not be made to see that there were natural laws which could not be violated without a strong protest, that one of these was the law of health, and that nature herself cried out in protest against such an outrage and refused to allow them to be truly religious and spiritually minded when they denied the body its proper food of nourishment. And surely the stomach is not the whole body. There are other methods of mortifying the flesh besides starvation, some favorite amusement, or vanity can be sacrificed just as well as the food, some selfishness conquered, some small sin stamped out of existence, some indulgence given up that its price may be given to God's poor; and I think the benefit will be found much greater than any which is derived from a foolish fanaticism which enfeebles the body without doing much visible good to the soul.

On the other hand, I have seen numbers of people who seem to keep Lent as if they were engaged in a constant struggle—I say it in all reverence—to lumbag the Lord. I have really known ultra-religious men and women who would have regarded it as little less than a crime to go to the most innocent and elevating of concerts during Lent, or to eat anything on Ash Wednesday and yet who thought nothing of going out to tea on a Friday in Lent, partaking with great heartiness of most appetizing dishes of fish, and spending quite as enjoyable an evening afterwards as they could possibly have done at the concert; the difference was in the name of the thing that was all.

Another point which I never could understand about those who keep the penitential season very strictly is this. They abstain from certain favorite dishes most rigidly all the week and then break out and have a regular feast on Sunday, on the plea that Sunday is a feast day. I have known the strictest of clergymen do this and not seem to have the slightest idea that they were making themselves at all ridiculous in so doing.

Of course I may be wrong, but my idea of keeping Lent is, that we who call ourselves by Christ's name, Christians, are trying in our weak way to accompany Him through this terrible forty days in the wilderness, and to fast from certain things for forty days, in memory of His suffering, and I don't think we can very well do this if we take the Sundays out, because I feel pretty certain that our Saviour counted the Sundays as well as the week days in His long fast.

I think it is inconsistencies like these which make the members of other churches smile over the English churchman's idea of Lent, and which make thinking people decide that there may be other, and just as wise ways of offering up a sacrifice of praise, as the starving of the body without judgment. And yet, in spite of all this, I say again, that I believe in keeping Lent intelligently—and that to those who really keep it, not in the letter only, but in the spirit too, it is a most blessed and helpful season.

Once I kept Lent with a rigidity, and starved myself with a zealous stupidity of which only a very young girl is capable. I used to have fainting fits all through Lent, and imagine it was heart trouble, and that I was destined to fill an early and pious grave, but it was really nothing but an empty stomach acting on a naturally weak constitution, because the fainting demonstrations always stopped after Easter.

Now I only fast to a very moderate degree from anything in the shape of food, and the only real fast day I observe is Good Friday; but I try to keep Lent in other ways, which I hope do me just as much good, and very much less harm.

By some curious freak of the fickle goddess of fashion Eton jackets are "in" again and there is every indication that they will take a fresh hold on the popular fancy and be more worn than ever during the coming season. Of course there have been changes, and additions made in the Junny little garment until its original inventor would scarcely recognize it, but that is to be expected as a fashion is seldom revived without some changes being made, to give it an appearance of novelty. The new Eton jacket is slightly longer than last summer's, coming quite to the waist line and is embellished with large, and sometimes very unsightly capes which are yet under the revers and collar coming down around the shoulders in a stiff and ungraceful fashion which is very far from being an improvement on last year's style. Others have the pretty rolling, or vest collar, which comes down trimly and smoothly without any notch for a revers, and ends in rounded corners three quarters of the way down the front. This style usually has a rippled or pleated cape of narrow width, set under the collar, and it is one of the neatest and prettiest varieties. The shape which will undoubtedly be the most worn however is the one which came out with last autumn's fashions, with very deep revers, met by a small rolling collar, leg of mutton sleeves, and one dart fitting the front; this is mod-

ernized by a deep turn-over collar placed under the smaller one, and coming down well over the shoulder at the back, but cut away on the shoulder to meet the deep one used. The trimming usually matches the dress with which the jacket is to be worn, as far as possible, and may be either of wide military braid—not wider than an inch though—or tubular braid.

These smart little garments are almost invariably made of either navy blue or black serge, with skirts of the same material, and with them is worn either a soft blouse of China silk or cashmere in some delicate color, or later in the year a shirt waist of cambric with starched collar and cuffs, or one of white lawn with trimmed collar, cuffs and front.

A very economical way of having a constant variety in the shape of blouses, is to make a perfectly plain tight fitting basque without sleeves, and extending only an inch or two below the waist line; using silesia of a very light gray or fawn shade. The back portion should be faced half way up with the material of the jacket and skirt, and the facing should come well around to the under arm seams; the neck will not require a collar only a narrow band something like the band of a man's shirt, to which a collar can be pinned. Three quarters of a yard of fairly wide China, or Japan silk will then make an ample blouse front which can be attached to the under waist either by hooks and loops, or simply pinned on after the latter is fastened. The silk is merely gathered to a stiff silk covered collar, gathered again at the waist and attached to either a plain or tatted belt also of the silk which reaches the under arm seams and meets the serge facing. The collar is held in place by being pinned to the band of the under waist. Three or four such blouse fronts would scarcely cost half what an entire silk blouse would and a much greater variety could be obtained.

Green seems destined to retain its popularity, in fact it has taken a new lease of life, green being the typical spring color, and also, when used with discretion and judgment, very generally becoming to all women on the sunny side of 50, who are not hopelessly sallow. Of course it is chiefly used as a trimming and in millinery where it is invaluable. For ball dresses green is a favorite color because it lights up so well, combines so readily with other colors, especially with black, violet or white, and is so becoming.

Black is holding its own in popularity, but it is no longer combined exclusively with white, nor yet is it worn in its own severe simplicity unless the wearer is in mourning. Blue, green, violet and lilac vests are seen on nearly all the most stylish dresses and the preference is nearly always for green, which brightens up a dark dress better than any other color, except yellow, and somehow yellow does not seem in very great favor just now.

One very great advantage of the double skirts which seem determined to find their way into favor, will be their usefulness in remodelling evening dresses which have passed through their first season and are no longer fresh. Lace draperies are very much worn over silk and satin skirts, and the greatest latitude is permitted in the shape of these overdresses, which may either cover only the front breadth, or continue in a second skirt all around. Sometimes these overdresses are perfectly plain, sometimes cut in deep Vandykes, and sometimes caught up over either one, or both hips, sometimes as long as the skirt itself and sometimes quite short. The bodice of such costumes, is always trimmed with lace to match the skirt.

AN INNOCENT LITTLE BOY.—I don't believe you are old enough to be out in society, my dear boy, because you don't mind your stops and you spell oblige with a d; but still if you are out in society I suppose it would be quite useless for me to try to pull you in again for no better reason than dubious spelling, and this column is always open to boys, as well as girls, in search of information. (1) Perhaps your friend was called out suddenly and unexpectedly, or she may have gone on some errand, and intended to be back before you arrived, but even in that case, she owes you an explanation, and I don't think I should call again until she gave me one, if I were you. (2) It would be both foolish



Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. WOODBRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

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and undignified to retire from the field at once, as if you were frightened away by the later arrival, but as it is a social rule that the first guest should not outstay a new comer unless requested to do so by the hostess, you could take your leave after a reasonable length of time. It is a mistaken and rather vulgar idea, that a lady only cares to entertain one young man at a time, a well bred girl should be quite capable of entertaining three or four young men without the least embarrassment, and of treating them all with equal courtesy. (3) I do not understand your third question, but no girl of good taste or good breeding would render herself conspicuous by sitting out six dances with any man, unless she was engaged to him. (4) Ten o'clock is a very good hour in both cases, perhaps half past nine would be better in the latter case.

A GIRL'S NARROW ESCAPE.

HER FRIENDS DID NOT THINK SHE COULD RECOVER.

A Case Where the Expression "Snatched From the Grave" May be Most Appropriately Used—A Story Worthy of a Careful Perusal by Parents.

(From the Pentagouish Herald.)

A few evenings ago a representative of the Herald while in conversation with Mr. James McLean, fireman on the steamer Manitowick, which plies between here, Midland and Parry Sound, learned the particulars of a case which adds another to the long list of triumphs of a well-known Canadian remedy, and is of sufficient importance to deserve wide-spread publication for the benefit it may prove to others. The case referred to is the remarkable restoration to health of Mr. McLean's daughter Agnes, 13 years of age, who had been so low that her recovery was deemed almost impossible. Miss McLean's condition was that of very many other girls throughout the land. Her blood had become impoverished, giving rise to palpitation of the heart, dizziness, severe headache, extremely pale complexion and general debility. At this period Miss McLean was residing in Midland, and her connection became so bad that she was finally compelled to take to her bed. A doctor was called in, but she did not improve under his treatment and another was then consulted, but without any better results. She had become so weak that her father had no hopes of her recovery and did not think she would live three months. The lady with whom Miss McLean was residing urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and finally a supply was secured. Before the first box was all gone an improvement could be noticed in the girl's condition, and by the time another box had been used the color was beginning to come back to her cheeks, and her appetite was returning. The use of Pink Pills was still continued, each day now adding to her health and strength, until finally she was restored to perfect health, and has gained in weight until she now weighs 140 pounds. Mr. McLean says he is convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved his daughter's life, and he believes them to be the best remedy in the world, and does not hesitate to advise their use in all similar cases.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are a certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old. Pink Pills also cure such

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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 County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY THE TWENTY EIGHTH DAY OF APRIL NEXT, at the hour of Twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court of Equity, made on Saturday the Seventeenth day of February, A. D., 1894, in a cause therein pending, wherein Elizabeth Butt, Administratrix of the Estate and Effects of William F. Butt, deceased, is Plaintiff, and George J. Williams and Margaret his wife, George W. Kilnap and Annie his wife, Harry A. Black and Matilda R. his wife, Frances Williams, Anstey Johnson and Ethel L. his wife, and Helen M. Williams, are Defendants, and by Amendment wherein Elizabeth Butt, administratrix of the estate and effects of William F. Butt, deceased, Arthur E. Butt, and Ethel M. Butt, are Plaintiffs, and George J. Williams and Margaret his wife, George W. Kilnap and Annie his wife, Harry A. Black and Matilda R. his wife, Frances Williams, Anstey Johnson and Ethel L. his wife are Defendants, with the approval of the undersigned Referee in Equity the Mortgaged premises described in the said Decreeal Order as:

"ALL that lot, piece or parcel of land situate on the Eastern side of Spring Street in the City of Portland, in the County of Saint John, and known and distinguished on the plan of building lots near William Wright's Cottage Northward of the City Road, being Numbered Ten (10) bounded as follows: Commencing on the Easterly side of Spring Street, at a point distant forty feet from the Northwestern corner of lot number eight (8) thence from last mentioned point running Northerly on Spring Street forty feet, thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and forty-one feet, thence at right angles Southerly forty feet, and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and forty-one feet to the place of beginning."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitors.

Dated this 20th day of February, A. D., 1894.

CARLETON & FERGUSON,
Plaintiffs' Solicitors.

E. H. McALPINE,
Referee in Equity.

W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.