

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I am writing most of my page today with a pair of scissors and a paste-pot, or to speak more correctly a mucilage bottle, and really, though they are very poor I find them excellent servants in their way. Since I have had the honor, and I appreciate it very highly, of being a member of the editorial staff of PROGRESS, I have occupied a good many different positions, have taken turns at the society desk and the reporter's ditto, besides my own special department, but I have never been "scissors editor" before, and I didn't think I should call in the aid of the double-pointed pen now, were it not that my brains are out on strike just now. The fact is that after having passed unscattered through numerous sieges of la grippe, and sympathetically watched others writing in his grasp, so often that I fancied I bore a charmed life myself, my time has come at last, and I have been in his mysterious clutches for the past week.

Anyone who has had la grippe will retain a vivid memory of the feeling that the top of the head is entirely gone, and has taken the best of the mental power along with it? Well, I have that vacant feeling in perfection today and out of tender consideration for my readers, I am serving up for their delectation the bright thoughts of others, instead of the dull, and gripped-distorted fancies of my own enfeebled mind, and I am sure they will be grateful for my thoughtfulness.

The following description of an At Home I take from a wonderfully bright and up to date English paper, called the New Weekly, which is sent me by a friend, and which is fearless enough, and witty enough almost to have been published in Canada. Perhaps the fact that its manager has a goodly share of pure Canadian blood in his veins, may account in some measure for the phenomenon.

The "At Home" itself is a delightful bit of realism, and might apply to such a function on this side of the water, equally well.

If you live in a flat it is well to invite three times more people than you have accommodation for. For guests to be able to move about and get in comparative comfort from one room to another is merely to give an ordinary evening party. But in giving an "At Home" there are prescribed rules to be followed. Therefore let your guests be crushed in the corridor. Let them camp on the staircase. Don't have any chairs—they take up too much space. Let the refreshments be light—certainly nothing more exhilarating than a bottle of claret doused with lemonade. Turn your husband's study into an arbor. All you have to do is to crush his manuscripts and such rubbish under the sofa, hire a few palms, stick a few nightlights covered with glass shades in red and blue and yellow—so very artistic and fairy-like,—about the place, and everybody will say it is charming.

There is a preliminary difficulty in deciding whom to invite. If you don't invite Mrs. Smythe, she is sure to observe when Mrs. Brown-Jones remarks, "I didn't see you at the Franklins last night." "Oh dear, no! were you there?" and then she will give a little sniff which makes Mrs. Brown-Jones feel she has rather lost social status in knowing you at all. So be sure to invite Mrs. Smythe. It is quite possible she won't come, but it prevents her making remarks on the forwardness of your daughters, the condition of your husband's banking account or the dress you wore at the Charity ball—that one with the little green shoulder bows—which she assures your dearest friend, could deceive nobody, for it was the same dress you wore at the Mayor's reception, only the bows were pink then, not green.

It is well to have one or two lions, or a new distinguished pianist, or the latest lady vocalist. They will arrive straight from a concert, and will be gratified to hear you say, "It is good of you to come; have you brought your music?" It shows you appreciate their talents. A successful novelist—whom you have cut dead for the last two years as only a miserable hack until you suddenly discovered he is indeed a successful novelist—will be delighted to accept your invitation. You edge him through the crowd. "May I introduce to Mr. Lynn C. Doyle, the author of 'Two Hearts and a Fiddlestick?'" you say to Mr. Fitzherbert James, and Mrs. Fitzherbert James, looking placidly through her tortoise-shell glasses, murmurs, "I shall be delighted. I have always found his books most amusing." This is more to please Lynn C. Doyle, who prides him self on the pathos of his stories. "Who did you say that man is with the uncombed hair?" Mrs. Fitzherbert James will afterwards ask, as the novelist moves away. You explain again that he is a rising author and wrote "Two hearts and a fiddlestick." "Indeed, I never heard of the book," says Mrs. Fitzherbert James; "he is a very plain young man." Half the room hear the remark, and Lynn C. Doyle will go home and write a savage article about the ignorance of women.

"When you have your rooms packed with guests, when they line the halls and sit in couples all up the staircase, you should get the famous pianist to play. He will

be a little grumpy, and growl, but this is only his affliction. As there is music, your friends will be able to chatter rather louder than it there wasn't. The fact of young Hodder asking Miss Brookess across the piano if she will come and have an ice won't disturb in any way, Chopin's Nocturne. Indeed the player will rather like to know that everybody is happy and enjoying themselves and that his artistic personality does not obtrude on the general harmony of the evening. Pianists are like that.

"Whilst the lady who gives the [At Home] should be overwhelmingly effusive, it is advisable, if you are a guest, and especially a man guest, to be frigid. If cards are issued for 9.30 p.m., never think of turning up till after ten o'clock. It will damp any conception that you have been eager to come. If you put in an appearance just before midnight, and assume rather a bored air, with a mild stare of astonishment at so many people about, you will create a profound impression upon the hostess. The host, rather a jolly fellow with whom you were friendly in his pre-nuptial days, will welcome you cordially.

"Let me introduce you to somebody," he will say; "whom shall it be—a well-known man or a pretty woman?" "You murmur a preference for the pretty woman." "There's Miss Willoughby—charming girl. No not be one in the corner; next to her, in blue. Come along!" Other people are pushed aside, and the introduction takes place. You say you are honored; she whispers she is delighted. This exhausts the conversation for a moment, and you both feel ill at ease. Then the happy idea occurs to you of remarking that there are many people present. It is obvious, and Miss Willoughby agrees with all the conscientious conviction of a parliamentary candidate. The next question is to be, "Do you know many here?" "No, not many. Do you?" You say you don't, and then comes another halt in the conversation. "Isn't this awful weather?" you exclaim, in desperation. "Awful!" sighs the lady, in relief. "Have you been to many places this season?" you venture. "Not many. Have you?" "No; not very many," you answer. "Now what on earth shall I say next?" you inwardly conjecture, while you outwardly look pleased and smile. Happy inspiration! "Have you seen the new Lyeum play?" you inquire. "No, have you?" "No, I haven't; but I've read it's awfully good." "Yes, I've heard so." Another awkward halt. So the conversation proceeds. It is so very entertaining.

It is supposed to show a want of taste to make comments about furniture and ornaments in the house of your hostess. This is a mistake. Of course, some discretion is required. To tell the lady that she has shown great originality in ensuring being put on her permanent list. Point out how novel it is to have a Japanese screen in one corner and Japanese fans spreading themselves over the walls. Say that so happy and unusual a thing displays the artistic sense. If she is a woman of desperate originality she will have some plants in great swollen yellow and blue tinted jars. Japanese fans and blue and yellow jars are so delightful an innovation, and so rarely seen in a house!

"Never display any sign of originality yourself. Always, however, praise the originality of other people. To pose as a mediocrity and to recognise genius in all your friends is to gain a reputation for being a remarkably clear-sighted being. Restrain any playing propensity towards sarcasm. It is not understood at 'At Homes.' For an 'At Home' to be a success is for everybody to be thoroughly bored. You will find it expedient, nevertheless, to say to the hostess, 'It has been an awfully jolly evening; I'm delighted I came.'

The two following illustrations of snobbery in its highest degree of cultivation, seem to me to be companion pictures, and would be out-of-place unless side by side. The first is related by Max O'Rell, as an experience of his in the best New York society, and appears in the course of the witty Frenchman's recent castigation of Mark Twain for objecting to a Frenchman's unfair criticism of Americans. The second is taken from a late English paper, and both would seem to prove that blue blood is pretty much the same whether it flows in English, Scotch, or American veins, i. e., its owners seem to imagine that the mere possession of such an advantage frees them from all the obligations of good breeding which humbler folk consider binding.

"I was once booked by my manager to give a 'causerie' in the drawing-room of a New York millionaire. I accepted with reluctance. I do not like private engagements. At five o'clock on the day the 'causerie' was to be given, the lady sent a note to my manager to say that she would expect me to arrive at nine o'clock and then to speak for about an hour. Then she wrote a postscript. Many women are unfortunate there. Their minds are full of after thoughts, and the most important part of their letters is generally to be found after their signature. lady's P. S. ran thus: 'I suppose he will not expect to be entertained after the lecture.' "I

fairly shouted, as Mark Twain would say and then, indulging myself in a bit of snobishness, I was back at her as a flash—'Dear Madam: As a literary man of reputation, I have many times had the pleasure of being entertained by the members of the old aristocracy of France. I have also many times had the pleasure of being entertained by the members of the old aristocracy of England. If it may interest you, I can even tell you that I have several times had the honor of being entertained by royalty; but my ambition has never been so wild as to expect that one day I might be entertained by the aristocracy of New York? No, I do not expect to be entertained by you, nor do I want you to expect me to entertain you and your friends to-night, for I decline to keep the engagement.'

"This is the second quotation: 'The way in which leading black-and-white men of the first rank, after Tenniel, D. Maurier, and Linley Sambourne, were left to the 'tender mercies' of servants at the Warwick Castle ball last week shows that the snub administered by Mr. Isidore de Lara to a Scotch earl is sadly in need of repetition. Mr. de Lara was engaged to sing for the entertainment of the evening in his lordship's London palace. When he arrived the flunkey said, 'Oh, his lordship isn't ready for you yet; he hasn't done his dinner,' and left him in the housekeeper's room for an hour. Then he came back and said, 'His lordship sent for you; you're to begin now.'

"Mr. de Lara, with very proper spirit, determined to give his Lordship a lesson how to treat gentlemen, so he said 'Tell Lord—that I won't sing. This is not the time for which he engaged me,' and, putting on his hat, walked of the house. When his lordship found out that the entertainment for which he had invited his guests had collapsed his wrath knew no bounds. Mr. de Lara, who was then young in his profession, feared that he would not only forfeit his £10 for the evening, but all future engagements of the kind. Instead of which his lordship's discomfiture proved an excellent advertisement, and engagements flowed in. Artists should remember that they have the remedy in their own hands. They can always turn a thing into a caricature which the persons concerned will recognize, but not their editors."

How surprised both the Earl and the millionairess must have been, and what a salutary lesson it was for them!

The Easter Bride's Wedding Gown.

The prospective Easter Bride in planning her wedding gown, which will be plain and simple, depending more upon the beauty of the material and graceful draping than upon elaboration of design or trimming. Heavy cream silk, with full chiffon is preferred. Short, round waists with a belt are newer than basque effects. ASTRA.

She Lost Her Vivacity.

A few days since two young ladies hailed a traucair, entered it, and found only standing room. One of them whispered to her companion—

"I'm going to get a seat from one of these men. You just take notice."

She looked down the row of men and selected a sedate gentleman who bore the general settled appearance of a married man. She sailed up to him and boldly opened fire—

"My dear Mr. Robinson! How delighted I am to meet you! You are almost a stranger! Will I accept your seat? Well—I do feel tired, I heartily admit. Thank you so much!"

The sedate gentleman, a total stranger, of course, looked, listened, then quietly rose and gave her his seat, saying, as he did so—

"Sit down, Jane, my girl; don't often see you out on washing day! You must feel tired, I'm sure. How's your mistress?"

The young lady got her seat, but lost her vivacity.

Safety in Thunderstorms.

Professor Arthur Schuster, in the course of a lecture on Atmospheric Electricity at the Royal Institution, London, a few days ago, mentioned as a remarkable fact that a thunder-cloud could not cross a river. Most of us knew of the danger of standing under trees in a thunderstorm, but science took us further and proved that oak trees were more dangerous than beech trees, owing, probably, to the large amount of oil contained in the latter. It was also a safe plan to get wet, but the wetting ought to be thorough, for a traveller who took precaution to have dry feet, on receiving a lightning shock, had his stockings burnt.

Often So.

An old Scottish lady drove to church on Sunday and bade her coachman bring round the gig again in two hours. The coachman did as he was bidden, but there was no sign of his mistress. He waited for another half-hour, but hearing nothing except the sonorous voice of the person, he ventured inside—

"Is he no dune yet?" he whispered to his mistress—

"Dune! He's dune lang syne, but he'll no stop."

Of Two Evils.

Modern Maid: "I wish some advice." Old Lady: "Certainly, my dear. What is it?"

Modern Maid: "Shall I marry a man whose tastes are the opposite of mine, and quarrel with him? or shall I marry a man whose tastes are the same as mine, and get tired of him?"

Considerate.

Guide in the Alps: "Yonder is where the celebrated Marquis d'Uri lost his life by falling into the chasm."

English tourist (who is accompanied by his daughter): "Why, no; if I am not mistaken, the scene of that accident is quite two hours journey from here."

Guide: "You are right, sir; but I thought it was too far for your daughter to travel."

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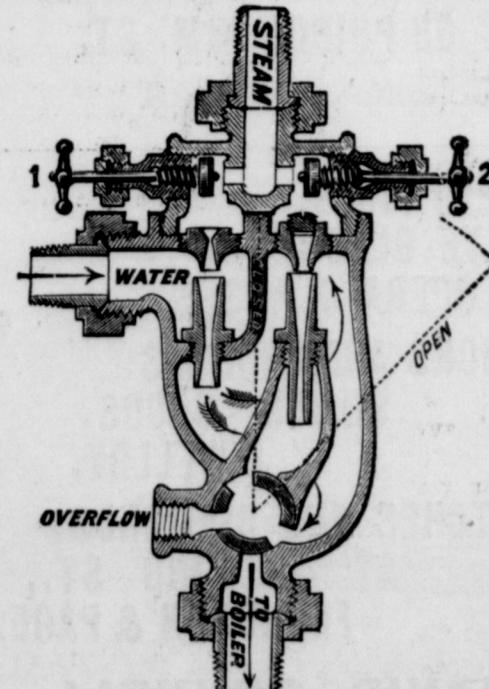
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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax.....	7.00
Express for Halifax.....	13.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	16.30
Express for Sussex.....	16.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 10.20 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....	10.30
Express from Montreal (daily).....	10.30
Express from Halifax.....	15.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....	18.30
Accommodation from Montreal.....	24.60

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D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

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Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, 6.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 a. m.
Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.10 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.50 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m. Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.55 p. m. Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8.45 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7.20 p. m. Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.50 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.05 p. m. Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m. Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.10 p. m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company, at Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwall Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, for all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West.

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