

WOMAN and HER WORK.

We have long appropriated a great many articles of attire which were considered only a few years ago distinctly masculine, and would have excited a good deal of unfavorable criticism had we presumed to wear them; but custom softens down first impressions wonderfully, and the woman of the period now speaks moves, and has her being in garments which might well have been borrowed from her husband or brother, without causing even a passing remark. From her yachting cap to her tan shoes—with the trifling exception of her skirt when she happens to be wearing one—she is a smaller copy of her brother, and those enthusiastic reformers who have so long been preaching rational dress for woman should surely be satisfied now; for if the woman in blazer and bloomers is not dressed in a rational manner according to their ideas I don't know what rationality means.

We are accustomed to the spectacle of a young woman arrayed from the waist up, in a garment which only differs from the masculine shirt in point of size; there is the standing collar, the stiffly starched bosom the cuffs, studs, sleeve links and four-in-hand tie! In fact the resemblance is so perfect that the observer is conscious of a curious feeling that there is something lacking and an inclination to suggest that the fair wearer has forgotten to put on her coat, the effect is so suggestive of a man in his shirt sleeves.

But we are accustomed to this, and we don't mind it now; we are even becoming gradually reconciled to the bloomer—on other people—and are not readily taken by surprise when the more enterprising of our sex take one step farther into the realm of the tyrant man. I must confess, however, that I did not expect ever to see the "sweater" that coarse unlavely garment with the hideous name, laid violent hands upon by any of our sex; I thought we would be quite willing to let our male belongings keep that one article of attire intact, and the wearer thereof could breathe a sigh of absolute content, as he adjusted the rough turned over collar of his coarsely woven jersey, and feel himself every inch a man at last, standing firmly on his own ground, and arrayed in a garment there was no need for him to lock up, since neither wife, nor sister would ever think of wanting to borrow it.

I fancy that the sweater would have been quite safe from imitation had it retained its original form; its name alone would have been enough to prejudice any self-respecting woman against it, and the garment itself fully justified all the unfavorable opinions its name suggested! Slipless, seamless and at first sleeveless, woven of very heavy, and coarse wool, with a collar formed by allowing the material to reach to high around the neck that it turned over of its own accord, and developed only in the most durable, and homely of colors, it was not a dress that Venus herself could afford to wear, unless she was willing to sacrifice a goodly share of her charms. Dark blue, or plain white were the colors most in vogue, but occasionally a very gilded youth would indulge in a red one. It was not intended to be an ornamental garment, but it was essentially useful, and comfortable, serving the purpose for which it was designed, admirably and probably saving the life of many a young athlete, through its properties of absorbing perspiration, affording free ventilation, and at the same time preventing by its warmth all danger of its wearer taking cold when exposed to sudden drafts.

But after a while lovely woman cast her eyes upon the unattractive sweater, and gazing with unerring precision, its capacity for imprisonment, she decided at once that it was too good a thing to be given up entirely to the other sex; so she made up her mind that she too would have a sweater of her own. And no sooner said than done. The sweater is abroad in the land, broadcast as it were, but so changed as to be scarcely recognizable.

In all the ladies' furnishings shops may be seen a curious nondescript garment, once the plain unassuming sweater but has changed under the magic trick of the new woman, until it is merely a shadow of its former self. It is seamless as of yore, but now it boasts enormous sleeves, and displays every shade known in the chromatic scale. In the United States the new sweater displays all the colors of all the different colleges. The damsel who wears it is not satisfied with the rose and gray of Vassar, or the distinguishing colors of any other woman's college. She revels with the delightful irresponsibility of her sex in the crimson of Harvard, the white and cardinal of Cornell, the black and orange of Princeton, and the vivid blue of Yale. And not only in color, is the change apparent but also in shape. No longer are they pulled over the wearer's head in primitive fashion. There are sweaters opening at the neck and daintily laced with silk cords passing through eyelet holes; and sweaters showing revers of contrasting colors, even sweaters adorned with bretelles of white ribbon ending in bows just below the bust, and shoulder blades. A pink and gray

sweater would display ribbons of pink, an orange and black one, bows of orange etc. and the girl who likes to have the slenderness of her waist well emphasized will always wear a belt of some color which either harmonizes, or forms a contrast with, the prevailing color of her sweater. For the bicycle girl, or the golf, or tennis girl, I have no doubt that the sweater is both a comfortable, and convenient invention, but somehow I can scarcely imagine any young athlete of the male persuasion, going forth to conquest in the golf, football, or cricket field clad in a crimson and white sweater, with huge leg of mutton sleeves, revers of crimson silk crimson silk belt and lacings, and a crimson bow fluttering from his brawny breast. I don't believe he would feel comfortable, or appropriately dressed.

Not only has the sweater lost its essentially masculine character under the gentle influence of feminine caprice, but the shirt waist seems to be following in its footsteps, and from being the plainest most sensible of garments, it has taken on all manner of feminine frivolities this summer. When the shirt waist first appeared the summer girl made the collecting of studs and sleeve links to wear with it, one of her most absorbing occupations, and when she was not hunting up oddities in the shape of studs or collar buttons, she was in quest of ties to match her newest waist. But this summer she seems to have wearied of its plainness and now the links are often discarded for the stiff cuffs, and ribbon bows substituted. A soft crush collar of folded ribbon often finishes the neck of these waists instead of the high stiff collar that belongs by right to the shirt waist. The ribbon cuffs may be an imitation of the English "chappies" who have been wearing them all summer, but the crush collar is an innovation I don't think he has adopted yet.

A stranger freak of fashion still, is the adding of stiff collars and cuffs to their clear bodices of dotted swiss muslins. Verily the ways of woman are passing strange.

Plaids are very fashionable just now, and will be, all the autumn; they are seen in all materials, not only wool and silk, but cotton, and even gauze shows every variety of plaid. Of course the silks are being developed into the most fetching blouses, to be worn with tailor-made costumes. The coats and jackets of these suits all being cut now, so as to show as much of the blouse as possible. The most brilliant of Madras plaid is very much used for the blouses, and it is hard to realize without seeing them, how good the effect is when made up. The prettiest are made with plain red yokes, and the fancy silk is then shired in at the waist, the balloon sleeves are made of the plaid, and with a dark blue, or black skirt and jacket they look charming. They are equally popular when worn with a white or cream colored pique suit.

Another favorite fabric is French alpaca, which is very beautiful in texture, and so glossy and silky that it hangs in folds which delight the artistic eye, and also the dressmaker. In white, it is lovely, fully equal to silk in its effect. A beautiful gown of white alpaca, has a trimming of Turkish embroidery in copper and gold on each side of the blouse bodice which opens over a front of white chiffon. The full gigot sleeves are slashed with the embroidery, and the collar and waist-band are of white liberty satin. The brown straw hat worn with this lovely dress is trimmed with a large bow of moire ribbon in a light copper shade, and has quantities of yellow roves at the back. Another hat equally appropriate for the same gown, is of brown straw trimmed with a large butterfly of ceru lace, and innumerable pansies with variegated leaves.

In Paris, mohair, which I have already mentioned as one of the most satisfactory materials that can be selected for everyday wear, is the accepted fabric for plain street gowns, and the favorite model is a plain skirt, and a box coat which has the back in one piece. The buttons are a feature of the costume being nearly as large as small butter plates, they are in smoked pearl, horn, fancy metal, and even Dresden china gaily flowered, strange as this last sounds. Another variety of the French mohair gown is guilts of buttons at all, the fronts of the single-breasted jackets fastening neatly under a stitched flap such as finishes a man's box coat. "Huckleberry" blue is one of the favorite tints for such a gown, and a soft woody brown another.

Buttons by the way, are steadily growing in favor, as well as increasing in size; they are becoming quite a feature of the new costumes and a serious increase of their expense as well.

The enormous, and apparently increasing width of the skirts, is something which cannot fail to impress even the most casual observer, and the question of how wide they will be when they have reached the length of their glory is becoming important. Some of the newest skirts actually measure ten yards around, and whether weak humanity of this

female persuasion will ever be able to support and manage a wider skirt, is a problem I hope we shall not be called upon to solve. One result of this over-voluminous skirt has been a new petticoat, which has become necessary in order to support them. These petticoats are lined at the foot to a depth of ten inches with haircloth, and two or three steels are placed in the hem. It would never do to call them crinolines, but that is what they really amount to. In the best shops they are in silk or broche satia, trimmed with lace and ribbon in the most elaborate, and un-serviceable manner, but with sensible people alpaca is greatly preferred on account of its wiry texture, which makes it much more useful than silk for holding out a heavy dress. A deep flounce at the foot of the petticoat has a stripe of haircloth in the hem instead of steels. As these skirts are quite as much needed with laws, and muslins as with heavier gowns, they are frequently made of white alpaca, and an extra flounce of white lawn, edged with lace, is basted over the alpaca flounce. It can easily be removed and washed and it makes a capital foundation for a thin gown. For the benefit of home dressmakers I may say that the most fashionable skirts are cut with nine gores, and the wide ones are very bias, giving a glare that cannot be obtained when the cloth is perfectly straight even at one edge. It looks strange especially when the material is striped to see the meeting of two bias edges where the side gore joins the front breadth, but it is quite the correct thing. The silk lining is supposed to add very much to the swing of a full skirt, but the truth is that equally good results may be obtained by using a fairly good quality of alpaca.

Flower ruches are very much worn, and are either made of the same flowers used on the hat, or entirely of some chosen variety. A ruche of pink roses tied under the chin with a large fluffy bow of pink chiffon, is a new and pretty fancy, the ruche itself does not meet under the chin by at least three inches the bow of chiffon or ribbon with which they are tied filling up the space. The ruche of black chiffon is more popular than any other for unless the flowers are renewed often they get a faded look after being worn a few times.

A charming evening dress of white satin is effectively trimmed with silver spangled butterflies, and the white chiffon with which it is draped is similarly ornamented. The bodice of palest green has a bertha of more butterflies set on white chiffon, and very full chiffon sleeves.

September is a delightful month for picnics; the afternoons are warm, without being too hot for out of door enjoyments, and if the days are getting rather short, no one wants to stay too long at a picnic, so that is scarcely a drawback.

The getting up of a basket of lunch to take to one of these all fresco feasts, is by no means such a simple matter as some people seem to imagine it, and the picnic requires as much care and thought to be expended upon its preparation as the most elaborate meal; it may be a most attractive and inviting affair, or just the contrary, according to the amount of trouble taken by the person who prepares it. I think the following hints concerning the picnic lunch may be found of some use especially to young housekeepers.

The Picnic Basket

When you have your next excursion go and get some Japanese napkins and wooden plates, which are light to carry and can be thrown away when used. Pack everything you can in boxes, and have plenty of paraffine paper and wrap each article up by itself. Provide this, dainty slices of bread, buttered before it is cut from the loaf, and then wrapped up or made into sandwiches, of which there is an endless variety to choose from. Stuffed eggs, each one rolled in paper; some kind of salad which can be carried in a Mason jar, with a mouth large enough to admit a tablespoon; some toothsome little turnovers that are not filled with juice, and some small cakes or cookies that are easily packed and handled. Make your Russian tea or lemonade and put it into bottles. You will usually be able to procure all the ice you need on the picnic grounds. A few tumblers and forks will be about all you will be burdened with on the homeward journey. If you go by wagon into the woods and can have a fire, to the other things add a coffee pot, with coffee and egg ready mixed in it, a pail for heating water, and a saucepan. Have some potatoes sliced ready for stewing, or, better yet, have corned-beef hash chopped and ready to put over the fire, and if you are near fishing waters you may be able to have a catch for dinner. In that case remember to take some slices of salt pork to fry with the fish. Put some green corn into the bottom of the wagon, and when you arrive have a bed of coals to roast it. A picnic with such a luncheon is a bright spot in one's life and always to be remembered.

Here are a few recipes for picnic dishes: For stuffed eggs take fresh eggs and boil twenty minutes; when cold remove the shell and cut in half, lengthwise; take out the yoke, and with a fork rub it to a paste with a little melted butter, some salt, a dash of mustard and cayenne pepper, and a cucumber pickle chopped very fine; fill the hollow whites with this paste and place

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the two halves together and roll in paraffine paper. Chopped ham can be used in place of the pickle, with a little vinegar in for wetting.

Egg Salad.
This salad is made with hard boiled eggs. Cut them in pieces, not too fine, and to three eggs use one boiled potato cut in cubes; put the potatoes with the eggs; mix with mayonnaise dressing, to which have been added some onion juice and a few capers.

Veal Loaf
This is made with three pounds of veal, half a pound of salt pork, one small onion, and a few sprigs of parsley. Chop together very fine and mix with one-half cup of bread crumbs and the same of stock or milk and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; season with salt, pepper, and a very little trace and two eggs well beaten; put in a buttered pan and bake in a medium oven three hours, keeping it covered the first hour. When cold cut in thin slices.

Fruit Turnovers.
Take one cup of raisins and chop fine; add one lemon, juice and rind, one cup of granulated sugar, one generous teaspoon of flour, and one dessert spoon of brandy; heat until the sugar is dissolved; make a rich piecrust and roll thin and cut out with an extra large biscuit cutter; place some of the mixture on one side, turn over and press edges tight, put in a pan and prick each with a fork. Bake in a hot oven.

Picnic Cakes.
Take three-quarters of a cup of butter and one and one-half cups of sugar; stir to a cream, use three eggs, putting one in at a time and beating into the mixture, add one-half teaspoonful of baking powder sifted into two generous cups of flour; add a half cup of seeded raisins and a little citron cut very thin; bake in patty pans and frost when cool.

Delicious Jumbles.
Take one-half pound each of butter and sugar and stir to a cream, beat two eggs well and add a little nutmeg; now stir in three-quarters of a pound of flour to make a soft dough, sprinkle over your board some sugar and break off pieces of dough about the size of a walnut and roll with the fingers on the sugared board; make into rings and lay them on tins one inch apart in a moderate oven.


A sandwich of brown bread makes a variety and a nice filling is cream cheese in which has been mixed finely chopped olives.

A Prodigal.
Gates—The only time I ever use whisky is when I am getting a tooth pulled. My wife will not allow me to touch it under any other circumstances.

Barnes—Had any pulled lately?
Gates—No. Haven't any left.

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Through express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	5.05
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Accommodation from P. du Chene	12.40
Express from Halifax	12.50
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