

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Mohair! One meets the word everywhere in the columns of fashion journals, and there is every reason to prophesy a rage for mohair. It is a reliable sort of material, crisp, wiry, shedding dust, resisting all efforts to crush it, and coming out fresher than ever after a sponging, so it really deserves its new lease of popularity. Just now the newest use to which it is being put is making up in combination with cloth, but it needs a skillful dressmaker to carry out this plan successfully. Some very jaunty costumes have been shown, where the combination consists of white mohair, with blue cloth, and again black broadcloth and black mohair, which sounds much less feasible. The mohair is used for skirt, blouse front, revers and bandings. An especially happy mixture combines silver gray mohair and white silk. The godet skirt is banded with a fold of white taffeta at each side of the front breadth, while the blouse waist which fastens at the side, and is as severely plain as a tailor made basque is of the mohair with bretelles and collar of white silk. At the left side is a pocket for a watch, or tiny handkerchief, and the belt and the sleeves are of black and white striped silk.

Many handsome mohair dresses are lined with silk in a contrasting color, and the lining is allowed to show through the lace insertion which is placed so lavishly all over the costume now-a-days.

There are many uncertainties to vex the heart of the devotee of fashion just now, and there does not seem to be much prospect of a definite settlement for any of these very soon. In the first place, there is the matter of skirts, are they to continue perfectly plain, or shall they take on a few folds and drapings in the near future? And then the sleeves, what is to be done about them, will they remain as they are, "wick-ed and stylish"? Or shall they grow smaller by degrees, with the hugh puffs slipping gradually down until they disappear altogether leaving only a plain tight fitting lining behind! It seems to be an undisputed fact that large sleeves have received their death warrant somewhere in high places, but it is likely to be months before the sentence is carried out, and meanwhile the leg of mutton, and Queen Anne style reign together, but are cut much more closely than formerly, from elbow to wrist, many modistes being buttoned up to make the fit closer. Bodices still show the broad shouldered effect, which is increased by the full sleeves, the broad collars and the full pretty little shoulder capes. There is really a decided movement in the direction of skirt drapery, not, I am happy to say, a revival of the ugly, and ungainly detached loopings and drapings of last years double skirts, but a slashed overdress opening just enough to show the contrasting petticoat beneath. There is really no limit to this mania for cutting up good material in order to show that there is still better material under neath.

Haircloth is scarcely used at all now, as a lining, it has been superseded by several materials which are warranted by their makers to be equally good, and which certainly possess the merit of being much cheaper, but how they will stand the test of time and wear, remains to be seen. Every well furnished wardrobe is now supposed to contain a petticoat of fibre chamois for wear with unlined skirts of serge, or other material. And a capital idea it is.

One of my girls—it is glad that I am, to hear from any of my girls again. What a lucky girl you are, and I wish you every happiness in advance. It is rather a dilemma, but unless you live a long way from the station I am sure all the guests will accompany you, I have been at a good many weddings, and I don't remember one where there was not a perfect scramble to reach the station at the same time as the bride. You might order the coach a little early, and that would give them all time to get their wraps on, and make a start. I am afraid one member of the family will have to sacrifice herself and see all the guests off, before she starts herself, unless you have some friend who will undertake to do it for you. They should all take their leave when the bride goes, unless specially asked to stay. Of course it is an exception when the bride and groom leave before the breakfast is over, in order to catch their train. I hope this advice will be of some use to you but I am afraid it is not very definite.

Preserving Pears and Grapes. To every three pounds of fruit allow one and one-half pounds of sugar and a half pint of water. Peel the pears and lay them in cold water to keep them from turning dark before they are wanted. When the syrup is boiling, put the pears in and cook until they look clear or a fork can be stuck into them easily. Have the jars standing in a pan of hot water and carefully fill them with the fruit. Pour the hot syrup over them, filling the jars to the top. Cover and seal.

Ginger pears are a delicious sweetmeat. Use a hard pear, peel, core, and cut the fruit into very thin slices. For eight pounds of fruit after it has been sliced use the same quantity of sugar, the juice of four lemons,

one pint of water, and half a pound of ginger root, sliced thin. Cut the lemon rinds into as long and thin strips as possible. Place all together in a preserving kettle and boil slowly for an hour.

In making brandy pears, Bartlett's are the only variety that will give entire satisfaction when brandied, as they have a more decided flavor than any other. Select firm but ripe pears, peel, and boil in a weak syrup until they can be pierced with a straw. Take the fruit out, drain, and put in jars. Have ready a rich, hot syrup made with three pounds of sugar and a half pint of water and fill the jars containing the fruit with equal parts of the syrup and white brandy. Cover immediately.

Spiced pears are an excellent relish. To make them, place in a porcelain kettle four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, and half an ounce of cloves. When this comes to a boil, add to it eight pounds of pears that have been peeled, and cook until tender. Skim out the fruit and put in glass jars. Boil the syrup until thick and pour it over them. Apples may be used in the same manner.

Pickled pears are made thus: Boil together three pounds of sugar, three pints of vinegar, and an ounce of stick cinnamon. Use seven pounds of sound pears, wash, and stick three or four cloves in each pear and put them in the hot syrup and cook slowly twenty-five minutes. Turn them into a stone jar with the syrup and cover. The following day pour off the liquid and heat and turn over the fruit again. It may require heating the second time.

To make grape preserves, press with the fingers the pulp from the fruit and put it over the fire to boil. When boiling rub it through a sieve to remove the seeds. Put the juice, pulp, and skins into a preserving kettle, and to every pint add one pound of granulated sugar and boil until as thick as required.

Grapes makes an excellent spiced fruit. To prepare them, pick from the stems seven pounds of ripe grapes and separate the pulp from the skin. Put the skins into a preserving kettle over the fire with enough water to prevent them from burning. In another kettle place the pulp and cook until it will press easily through a sieve to remove the seeds. Add the strained pulp to the skins with a half a pint of sharp vinegar and one ounce each of whole cloves, allspice, and cinnamon. Boil together until it is thick and put into jelly glasses.

Grapes are one of the best fruits we have for jellies. Wild grapes are considered by many as even better than the cultivated fruit. To make jelly, stem the grapes carefully and wash well. Put them into a preserving kettle, cover, and heat slowly. Stir frequently and cook until the fruit is well broken and has boiled. Take from the fire and squeeze through a jelly bag. Measure the juice into a porcelain kettle and set upon the stove to boil. For each pint of juice allow one pound of granulated sugar, and while the juice is boiling place the sugar on tin pans and put in the oven, stirring often. When the juice has boiled steadily twenty minutes add the hot sugar and stir rapidly until it dissolves. It will make a hissing sound as it falls in and melts quickly. Let the jelly boil up once and take from the stove. Have the glasses heated by standing them in hot water and pour the liquid jelly into them. When it is perfectly cold cover the glasses. Jelly of two colors and different flavors may be made with the same grapes by separating the pulp and skin of the grapes and cooking each one by itself. One will be purple and the other amber.

Grape juice makes a fine sherbet. Put in a saucepan half a pound of granulated sugar and one quart of water. Let it boil a few moments. Take from the fire and add the juice of one lemon and a tablespoonful of gelatine that has been dissolved in a gill of water. When cool add a half pint of juice from any dark rich grape, and turn into a freezer and freeze. When frozen and before you remove the beater add the white of an egg beaten to a froth with one tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Stir thoroughly into the sherbet. Cover and repack. Stand in a cool place for two hours.

Will some correspondent kindly tell "A Friend" of some simple and interesting books treating of palmistry and phrenology, as she is anxious to take up these studies? I published some information on the subject two or three years ago, but I cannot for the life of me remember the names of the books now, and I have not time to go over my pile, and hunt them up. Astra.

Question and Answer.

Why does Hawker's Balsam cure coughs and colds?

Because it assists nature to throw off all inflamed and congested matter and soothes and heals the irritated organs of the throat and the lungs.

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and woman should know where to turn for relief the moment relief is needed. Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry has stood the test better than any other remedy. Call on like it, and will take it when other remedies are rejected. It has no equal as a remedy for coughs and colds. Be sure that you have it in your house and in your satchel if you go abroad at this season. It is put up in 25 and 50c. bottles and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

SOLD ONE MINE WELL.

One was Talking Dollars, and the Other Had Pounds Sterling in Mind.

"It is the easiest thing on earth to sell a mine in London for almost any price, provided you have anything to show an expert," said Major Frank M. Loughlin.

"There is also a right way and a wrong way to go about it. Sometime ago I went to London to negotiate the sale of some mining property. Of course the first thing I had to do was to let capital know what I was there for. Then, when inquiries commenced, I simply said: 'Gentleman, I have mining property to sell. If you mean business and want to buy send your expert out to examine the property and make a report on it. You will know then what you are buying.'"

"A Company was organized. An expert examined the property and reported favourably and a meeting was held to discuss terms.

"Now, Major," said the spokesman, "we have found that the property may be worth something. What is your price?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand," said I.

"That is more than we expected to pay. We expected to pay about two hundred

There is not much difference between two hundred and two hundred and fifty. If you will drop the fifty we will take it."

"I had expected to get about \$100,000 for the property, so with a slow reluctance I agreed to accept their offer, when the papers were made out I was surprised to learn that they had been talking about pounds and I about dollars, but I was very careful not to let my surprise leak, and that is the way I got \$1,000,000 for the mine."—San Francisco Post.

Was a Candid Critic.

It is not generally known that the present Shah of Persia is not only a prose writer of considerable merit, but has also some pretensions to the character of a poet. Like the German King who according to Carlyle, declared himself to be above grammar, so does the Persian monarch consider himself above criticism; yet, like all poets, he is glad to lend an ear to it when it is favorable.

One day, however, having completed a poem which particularly delighted him, he decided to read it to one of the most prominent men of letters attached to his household: "What do you think of it?" he asked, after reading his verses aloud, "I do not altogether like the poem," was the candid reply. "What an ass you are to say so!" replied the offended sovereign, and there was certainly much wisdom in the royal words, for the misguided critic was forthwith ordered to the stables to be flogged.

A few days later the Shah, having written another poem, once more desired to hear the opinion of the learned scribe whom he had consulted before. Hardly had he read a few lines of his latest lucubration when the learned man turned abruptly away and prepared to run out of the room. "Where are you going?" thundered his Majesty. "Back to the stables," cried the critic in desperation. So amused was the King of Kings by this repartee that he forgave the delinquent and forebore to have him flogged a second time.

A Portuguese Count's Equipage.

The Boulevard des Capucines was roused the other evening (writes our Paris correspondent) by seeing a mail coach drawn by six splendid Spanish mules stop before the Grand Hotel. The rumor at once flew that it conveyed the Queen Regent of Spain and her son, who had fled from a revolution. A number of thoughtless people, believing this story, rushed to stare at their supposed Majesties. However, there was nobody on or in the mail coach who answered to their photographs. The person on the box was the owner. He is a Portuguese Count, Alfredo Anjos de Fontalva, and his equipage, to tell the truth, looked as if he intended to advertise a circus. The mules are under the management of a postillion in a white livery faced with black. Two footmen similarly dressed sat in the rumble. The mules were fresh as if they had just started, and showed no sign of having journeyed all the way from Lisbon. It is true they took it easy most of the way, for they started just four months ago. The last stage was from Versailles. They came thence to the Grand Hotel in forty five minutes.—London Daily News.

Tennyson Gets Snubbed.

He (Tennyson) desired to be introduced to her, or, perhaps—for his ways were what regal—desired that she might be presented to him. In which ever way it was the ceremony was transacted, and Tennyson's second remark was this question: "Oh, Lady—, do I know Lord—?" The person about whom he thus inquired was a peer who, though young had won much distinction in public life, and was widely known in private. His wife, as it happened, was devoted to him, any jealous of any word which sounded

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R. I. P. A. N. S. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

like disparagement of his position or indifference to his renown.

She looked Tennyson in the face and answered, with perfect composure of manner, "I am sure, Lord Tennyson, I can't say. I never heard him mention your name in my life. For a moment the poet was staggered by this straight hit from the shoulder, but he had the good sense and good temper to take to well—Smalley's Studies of Men.

The First Telephone.

The Sheffield Telegraph gives the following interesting account of the first telephone of which there is record:—

The first telephone that was ever used was not electrical, nor was it a scientific instrument in any sense of the term. A little more than fifty years ago the employees of a large manufactory beguiled their leisure hours by kite flying. Kites large and small went up daily, and the strife was to see who could get the largest. The twine that held them was the thread spun and twisted by the ladies of the village. One day to the tail of the largest kite was attached a kitten, sewed in a canvas bag, with a netting over the mouth to give it air. When the kite was at its greatest height, some two hundred feet or more, the mewling of the kitten could be distinctly heard by those holding the string. To the clearness of the atmosphere was attributed the hearing of the kitten's voice. This is the first account we remember of speaking along a line.

They Understood Each Other.

"Look here, you're drunk," declared Jones, as he confronted his bleary-eyed cook.

"What do you mean by coming home in this condition?"

The wobbling cook commenced to whimper.

"Sure, sir; I haven't touched a drop, I'm a self-respectin' decent lady, sir," she moaned. "Oh, that I'd ever see the day that I'd be told I was drunk!"

"Oh, none of that. You can't fool me," growled Jones. "I've been there too often myself."

"Sure, then, Mr. Jones, we understand each other, don't we?" And the cook nodded her head, and wiped away her tears and beamed on Jones.—San Francisco Evening Post.

Cruelty.

"Oh, dear, sobbed Mrs. Hannimune, 'I knew it would come to this, but I didn't expect it so soon.'"

"Has your husband been mistreating you?" asked her visitor solemnly.

"Y-yes," she sobbed. "He says I want my own way all the time."

"And won't he let you have it?" asked the visitor.

"That's the worst of it. He says that he doesn't care if I have my own way all the time; but that I won't make up my mind what it is."—Washington Star.

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On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....	7 00
Express for Halifax.....	13 10
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	14 30
Express for Sussex.....	16 40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 10 30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....	8 30
Express for Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....	10 30
Express from Moncton daily.....	13 10
Express from Halifax.....	14 30
Express from Pictou, Pictou and Campbellton.....	16 40
Accommodation from Moncton.....	17 40

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