

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Once more the subject of the reckless and heartless slaughter of birds is being brought to our attention. The vice president of the English society for the protection of birds has written to the "London Melk" calling attention to the fact that the demand for the mixed plumes, was so fashionable in millinery has renewed the persecution of birds of Paradise, and certain species of the Heron tribe, known in the trade as ospreys or egrets, the dorsal feathers of these birds being only obtainable in the breeding season. The parent birds being ruthlessly slain at this time, in order to rifle them of the beautiful plumage which nature provides them with, during the nesting season the young ones are left to perish; and in this way extensive heronries in Florida and elsewhere have been entirely destroyed. Exact statistics of the damage done has been recorded by American and European naturalists, and endorsed by so high an authority as Professor Newton who expresses the wish that wearers of ornaments obtained at such a cost could be "tarred as well as feathered." We have heard of this richening cruelty before and of it so often that one would think the mere sight of egret, or osprey plume would cause any properly constituted woman to shudder in disgust, not but the outrage goes on. Listen to this.

"More recently some arch enemy of bird life has discovered that the matchless plumage of the Bird of Paradise included forty tufts of long and delicate plumes, occasionally two feet in length, of intense golden yellow, and pale brown, which divided, bleached, or died, would sell for about twelve cents apiece, mix well with ospreys, and furnish a large profit to dealers therein, both wholesale and retail. The idea has been carried out with remarkable energy and success. The honorable secretary for the prosecution of cruelty to birds, gives an instance of one London warehouse having sold 60,000 dozen of these mixed ospreys, during the recent season; in fact the use, or cruel abuse, has been so great, that Mrs. Lemon states that the prevailing impression in the trade to be that the supply is failing—that these comparatively rare tropical birds are being rapidly used up. M. Jules Forest affirms in his "Oiseau dans la mode" that it is already difficult to procure perfect specimens, since none of them are allowed to live long enough to attain their full plumage, which in case of the male bird takes several years to develop. Is not the wholesale slaughter of herons and birds of paradise rather a heavy price to pay for any headgear? And might not some bird lover gain the ear and touch the heart of the lead rags of fashion, of the Princess of Wales and other royal princesses, and win from them as from Madame Carnot in the brief days of her power as Mme. la President of France, a strong and public protest against what Lord Gifford has termed the destruction of birds for the disfigurement of women's heads.

I am weary of the whole subject, disgusted and ashamed whenever I think about it, or hear of it! What is the use of a society for the protection of birds, if the powers of that body are so limited that they are unable to check the disgraceful trade? Of what avail that I, or any other writer, should use her pen, and what little influence she may command through the press in protesting against the senseless fashion of wearing the mummied corpses of birds which have been tortured to death, upon their heads, when one reads one week that "Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has pledged herself to discourage the slaughter of the birds in every way in her power, and utterly refuses to wear the plumage of any bird as a trimming or headdress the next week the officials account of some court function contains an elaborate description of the dress worn by the Princess of Wales, the court train of which was bordered with a trimming of bird's feathers? I forget now exactly what bird it was, but my impression is that Her Royal Highness was decorated with humming bird's breasts!

What does our wasted civilization amount to when we women, types as we should be of all that is gentle and merciful, can read the accounts which reliable journals publish of the horror which our fashion inflicts upon millions of the most beautiful and helpless of God's creatures and then placidly order a winter bonnet covered with wings, osprey plumes, or stuffed birds? We go to colleges, carry off half the honors for our male competitors take degrees, practice law and medicine, speak on platforms, clamor for woman suffrage and are even anxious to occupy the pulpit and preach, while assembled multitudes hold their breaths in awe and admiration. But we have not yet reached a sufficiently high state of cultivation, or sufficient strength of mind to keep from decorating our silly heads with the carcasses of God's wild scavengers condemned to a cruel death in order to gratify our wicked vanity.

Out upon you, my fellow women! I am ashamed of you! I blush for you to such an extent that I can scarcely see to write

this condemnation of you, and if ever I, one of the most loyal defenders of my own sex who ever gloried in the fact of her womanhood, and by wishing I had been born a man, it will be your fault! You, who luxuriate in your sealskin garments with the piteous cries of the slaughtered seals absolutely ringing in your ears, so graphically was their almost human agony at the "killing grounds" been described over and over again, the shrieks of the mother seal who sees her young one's brains beaten out before her eyes, and the pleading cries of the victims themselves should haunt you! you who clasp your cloak of soft glossy Persian lamb around your fair throat regardless of the well known fact that in order to obtain it, the Persian mother sheep is slaughtered before the birth of her young, because forsooth the skin of the unborn lamb is softer and finer than it will ever be should it be permitted to see the light! And yet you talk of feminine softness, gentleness; and you put on your Persian lamb cloak, and your wing trimmed bonnet and hie you virtuously away to a meeting of some society for converting the heathen and making him see how entirely savage and unpleasant he is; you subscribe to the Foreign missions and contribute out of your pocket money towards sending helpless women, to christianize the heathen Chinese in his native, and—quite incidentally—to get butchered during the process. If the zealous missionary chooses to take her babies along and have them butchered also, of course that is her own affair, and nobody has any authority to interfere.

A man may be bold, and bad and altogether objectionable, but at least his hands are reasonably clean from the sacrifice of innocent blood for the gratification of his vanity. He wears an opossum coat sometimes, it is true, but he does it to keep warm, not to look pretty, and the opossum is usually either shot or trapped in decently fair war, not slaughtered in cold blood, with particularly resulting accessories. He wears an otter cap, or a mink collar and cuffs on his coat when he can afford it, but I think if the fur trade depended on the masculine demand for the article, it would soon collapse, and the wild creatures roam the forests in security! Catch a man going about with stuffed birds wreathed about his manly brow! He has more sense.

Wear the bloomers, oh sister woman if you want to, and be a little man if you must! Button yourself up in a large fringed ulster, turn your collar up, and wear a yachting cap, a soft wide awake, or even a derby hat, anything, everything that is naughty and masculine, so long as it prevents you from displaying the cruelty which fashions feminine seem to demand from their votaries.

But I might as well spare myself the trouble of discussing the matter, for unless the slaughter of the birds is stopped by legislation, and rigid laws, made and enforced for their protection, it will go on with unabated energy, until some process of evolution has reduced the bump of sanity—if there is such an organ—in the head of the new woman, and elevated her reasoning, and benevolent faculties, into their proper prominence.

The up to date dressmaker pays special attention to the back lines of her customers, since all authorities agree that in a really good figure it is necessary for the lines of the back to be as perfect as those of the front, though this is far from common, and a perfect back is a very rare gift of nature. Therefore the dressmaker is compelled to carry out what nature left undone and call in her art, to aid concealing all defects. Of course if a woman won't stand properly no dressmaker can prevent the fatal fullness in front that destroys all beauty of contour, but she can build up a hollow in the lower part of the back to correspond with it, and make a series of curves that deceive the eye and cheat the beholder into the belief that nature is accountable for the satisfactory result. Perhaps the round shouldered woman is the hardest to deal with, but the blouse effect so popular now, is a boon to her, and a loose box plait falling from just where the unsightly curve begins at the shoulder gives a wonderful appearance of straightness to her while the closely fitted sides, and perhaps a strip of ribbon drawn from shoulder to waist at just the proper angle complete the illusion, and give the appearance of a perfectly symmetrical back.

Why a Dog Fainted.

"Speaking of dogs," said superintendent John Horne of the Mt. Washington Railway, "did you ever see a dog faint away?" No one had. "Well, I have," said the veteran railroad official, and then he proceeded to tell of a very young pup which was taken from its mother and remained at the signal station on Mt. Washington all winter, several years ago. When taken down the mountain in the spring he met another dog, who undertook to make his acquaintance.

"You will observe," said Mr. Horne, "the young fellow didn't remember ever having seen a dog, and doubtless thought

the one before him was the only other dog in the world; so he keeled over in a faint.—Ex

HAS A GARDEN OF GRASS.

Interesting Idea in a Scientific Study of Nature's Useful Plant.

We were going to visit the grass garden, or, better, the turf garden, of J. B. Olcott in South Manchester, a few miles east from Hartford, Conn.

Fancy a tract of grass land, over 400 feet wide, which is not like a pasture or a meadow, a medley of grasses and weeds, but a systematic arrangement of plots of distinct grasses, in rows extending the whole length of the garden. These plots are squares or oblongs, separated by lesser boundaries, save that two long homogeneous strips of chosen turf reach from end to end.

Says Mr. Olcott: "You are now in a purgatory. Grasses are tried here to see what they are good for. Those which stand the test will be promoted to paradise. As for the rest—well, they have their own places." His object is to discover the grasses which will produce turf—that close knit body of grass which fills all the ground, sustains all changes and fluctuations of temperature, all visitations or neglect of moisture, which endures droughts and is not drowned by floods, and which can never fail to furnish food for grazing animals.

In this pursuit Mr. Olcott has travelled over Europe and America, and has interested men in various other quarters of the globe. Six years ago he began this work, and started with native grasses from his own town, from neighboring towns, then from the States of the West and South, and finally went to Europe, and, carrying with him a great photograph of his turf garden, made that serve for introduction in lands where he could not otherwise be understood.

What, then is Mr. Olcott doing in this turf-garden? He is planting—not sowing—grasses; he is producing not hay, but turf. To this end it is that he has traversed our own country, north, south, east and west; has visited Europe and fetched sod from English commons and from Wyoming mountains; has plucked squares of grass from beneath tide waters in Welsh bays, and has brought them here and tried their dualities under identical conditions. When he first sets his bits of grass in his turf gardens they are separated into individual plants, and put several inches apart, into prepared ground, and in this, their first estate, he waters them assiduously, that they may have no excuse to fail of response, and these early beginnings are nursed with tenderest care. Sometimes they come to him as dry as dust itself, but he gains of a turf a single living plant he makes it grow, and then as it develops and spreads he separates the growth into single plants and sets them out at regular intervals in a chosen plot as aforesaid, and out of these the squares of four feet each way, or of greater dimensions, are carefully grown. When the plant is well established that grass plant gets no more watering than the heavens give it. All are fed alike, with the same fertilizer one manufactured for light lands, and all are constantly cropped, close by the lawn mower. Turf doesn't exist, it may be generally said, except by accident. Science has not reasoned it out what makes the close turf which one finds on English commons and on Highland hills. It is the survival of the fittest illustrated in emphatic evidence. The close gnawing and constant treading of grazing animals makes turf. But it can make it only where the proper grasses exist for such a project. Sometimes he finds patches of such grasses in New England pastures, and seizes upon them forthwith. His two chosen strips thus far are varieties of what the botanists call fescue. One is a grass which has been grown on the Connecticut meadows immemorially, and the other is one brought from England as a little square of turf which he has cultivated and replanted until it fills a strip as long as the other. The first stands well until the mercury mounts up to 80 degrees, and then it begins to wilt and droop, but it recovers in October, and is green when other grasses are faded. The English grass strip is unquenchably green and thick all the season long. His best examples of what turf may be come from English commons, trodden over for centuries by horses and cows, donkeys and sheep. There is nothing more wonderful in all this garden than a plot of fescue, the outcome of a little square of turf he cut out of Hatchets Green, near Salisbury, which is so closely matted that it seems as if scarcely the air can move between the blades. When he answered casually to an inquiring botanist that there were probably fifty blades of the square inch and was doubted, Mr. Wolcott took out a measured square inch and had the blades counted. There proved to be 232.

Mr. Olcott wants to see the hills of New England and all the Atlantic coast green with solid turf, and competent to the support of sheep and goats, for the sustenance of human beings. It is his thought that the people should come back to the soil from the cities, and there is no other way in which it can be accomplished except in a return to primitive conditions. The cultivator of a few acres must be able to gain his family's living out of his own bit of soil.—Springfield Republican.

Religious Restaurant.

Probably the wealthiest restaurant proprietor in the United States is A. W. Dennet who owns coffee houses in Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and San Francisco. twelve years ago Mr. Dennet was a railway con-

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

ductor, forced to work on the Sabbath, and as his conscience troubled him, he quit and opened a little six-day restaurant. He prospered from the start, and is now making money faster than a dozen men could spend it. One of the features of the Den-net restaurants are scriptural quotations which adorn the walls. Mr. Dennet employs an army of young men and girls, and in each of his restaurants a praise service is held before the day's work opens.

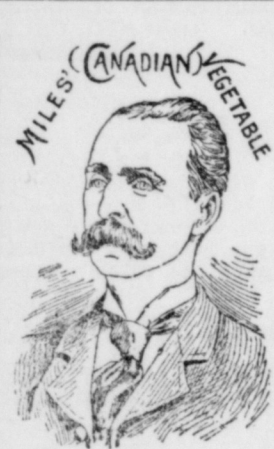
ANTIQUITY OF FANS.

They Date a Long way Back, Though the Style has Changed Very Much.

The fan figures in Greek plays too, and Roman ladies when they went abroad had a slave to carry the flabella when the fan was made of ostrich plumes, or the labella when it was a gauzy leaflet. Even in the early Christian Church the discom used fans about the altar, but their use in this wise seems to have been discontinued after the thirteenth century.

If the fan had any domestic use in the medieval days it is not accurately known, but it appeared in the hands of women in France, introduced at the same time as gloves and perfume and other luxuries of the sort by Catherine de Medici and her Italian ladies. From this fans have spread through every country of the earth, and great painters and carvers and artificers and jewellers have vied with each other in increasing their elaborate splendor till they have been made fit for gifts to queens and empresses who have the treasures of the world at command.

Although the fan itself is always permanent, the fashion of it of course is always varying, and, as usual, France, which is the home of the most luxurious and costly fan, as the Orient is of the common and cheapest one, designs them at St. Genevieve and Boisjerie and Corbeil cerf and other places, of ivory, mother-of-pearl, precious woods and bone, the leaf, however, being made at Paris generally and the fan mounted there. Singular as it may appear, when we remember the important part they play in the Spanish women's hands fans were made in Spain, at Madrid and Malaga and Cadiz and other Spanish cities, only during the last hundred years or less. In China they are made all over the country, although Canton is an important place of their manufacture; while most are of palm-leaf and paper, others are of wondrously carved ivory and sandal-wood, even partially of amber and jade. Fans, too, are made in Morocco and in Tunis of braided grass and of thin stuffs embroidered in gold and silver thread; and they are made of exquisite lace in Belgium. Simple little thing as it is, this standard we hold in our hand, this leaf we wave lightly to and fro, yet when we look up its history we find it has association with church and state and court and home. It has been the finishing touch to every toilette since its use has been known, the confident of every scene of pleasure, the aider and abettor in every phash of coquetry.—Harper's Bazar.



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