

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I never was an enthusiast on the subject of foreign missions; the benighted state of the undraped, but contented heathen never appealed to my sympathies at all strongly! Perhaps I have read too much about him and his little ways to take a very lenient view of him; then I know that civilization so often means more firewater than religion in his case for he is an intelligent savage in his own way, and a crafty, so he is quick to seize upon the features of civilization which appeal most strongly to his nature, and the features which attract him most are fire-arms and firewater.

It is asserted by those who should know best, that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, and it that is true I am sure civilization must require the same number of savages to percolate through, before any decided result is obtained. And it is thus with general civilization it is likely to be very much the same with religion—only more so. The savage of any standing is deeply attached to his gods of wood and stone, and though he may appear from strictly interested motives, to give them up for a time, I think it is safe to assume that he prostrates himself before them on the sly, explains the situation at length, and purchases their consent to his apparent defection, with offerings and incense of the kind best adapted to propitiate them; thus keeping in with both of the opposing forces. But when it comes to a genuine conflict and there is no half course possible, when the old or new religion must be sealed with his blood then the real nature comes out, the shell of civilization cracks and falls away, and the true savage stands revealed in his original state of benightedness, and declares for his ancient gods every time! I may be doing the gentle savage an injustice, and if so I have much to assure in apologizing publicly but I think recent events will bear out some of my theories pretty well.

I cannot say that I feel quite as strongly on the subject of foreign missions as Charles Dickens did, but then I have not made a study of the subject like the great novelist, and consequently I know less about it. But all the same I can listen to the most impassioned sermon on the crying need for a greater spread of the gospel amongst the heathen, quite unmoved, and at the close drop my usual ten cent piece into the alms-box with a perfectly clear conscience.

It seems to me that too much money has always been spent on the heathen abroad and too little on the heathen at home. Some Englishman with a talent for figures, once computed the cost of converting one Jew in England, and though I forget the exact amount I know it ran up into thousands of pounds; an expensive luxury truly for any nation to indulge in, especially when hundreds of poor people were suffering for the bare necessities of life in all the cities of her domain.

A large price surely when counted in coin of the realm, but nothing at all to the price we have been paying lately for the supposed conversion of a scattered few Chinese! It is bad enough and cruel enough to have our men butchered in cool blood when they have resolved to consecrate their lives to spreading the word of God, in foreign lands, but these heroic men have fully counted the cost, and having looked all the possibilities firmly in the face, they are prepared to take all the consequences of their resolve, they take their lives in their hands knowingly and go forth prepared for the worst.

If they can find women brave enough, and devoted, to accompany them, and share their fate for better or for worse, no one has any right to object, and such women have at least a protector always at hand, and that is a mitigating circumstance. But for the absolute stampede of young and inexperienced girls, to do missionary work in such places as Turkey and China which seems to be one of the signs of the times, there should be some remedy provided which would prove effective. If they have neither parents nor guardians with sufficient authority to check their misdirected ardor, or if those parents and guardians encourage them in their suicidal intentions, then it should be put a stop to by legislation! Surely some law could be enacted which would prohibit single women under 40, from engaging in missionary work in barbarous, and heathen countries? We have laws for the protection of game, and wretchedly as they are enforced, they are of some slight benefit in preventing the country from being entirely depleted of game; they are at least better than nothing; and though I am not going to try and raise the alarm that our country is in danger of a famine in young girls, on account of the missionary mania I know there are too many of our sex in the world for that, but I am going to say that in my opinion the life of one christian girl who has sacrificed herself in mistaken zeal, is too high a price for the supposed conversion of five hundred Chinese, or Turkish ruffians!

"A dreadful sentiment!" some enthusiastic reader will exclaim, but nevertheless I think the recent massacres of devoted missionaries go to prove that my language is none too strong. There has been too

much innocent blood already shed, and, if women themselves will not take warning, it is high time someone in authority took the matter in charge, and called a halt, before any fresh horror startles the world.

The sealskin jacket is no longer the severely plain garment of yore, which stood aloof in its aristocratic splendor and depended entirely upon its own richness for its position in society! The seal coat of today is seen in various shapes, some of them too fantastic, one would think for so rich a material. Some are in eton shape with immense revers, sleeves still more immense, and sometimes a deep sailor collar. Others show an eton front, and a rippling skirt back. The latter is nearly always double breasted, and is closed with three very large bronze buttons; the oddest and most incongruous feature of the garment is the fact that the revers are faced with heavy white satin and edged with an embroidery in bronze silk.

Fashion has decreed that sealskin is not one of the mourning furs, though it is very often but most improperly worn in mourning. Black persian lamb is the mourning fur which is most correct, perhaps because it is also the most expensive, and next on the list is black thibet, then follow black marten, Alaska sable, etc. A wrap of black thibet fur is made in a full cape with a yoke of mourning silk heavily embroidered in jet. The yoke must look singularly out of place, I should think but of course some people will wear it because it is the fashion.

I don't think there has ever been a time when so much latitude in the matter of millinery, has been afforded to individual taste! The hat or bonnet may match the rest of the costume in every detail, or it may differ so widely that no one could mistake it for the most distant relation of any other garment worn; but so long as the wearer knows enough not to wear a marten hat, with a costume of dark red cloth, or a royal blue dress and a purple bonnet, she may do pretty much as she pleases. Theatre hats are wider than ever, so wide indeed that the inevitable wings with which she adorns herself, stand out with a spread-eagle effect which excludes the man behind from a view of the stage, quite as effectively as the picture hat could do. The prettiest little Charlotte-Corday caps are worn for the theatre, and besides being most becoming they are easily made at home. Little mob caps of lace with saucy bows of velvet worn directly on the top of the head, are also fashionable for theatre wear.

Round waists with loose fronts, though not by any means the latest style, are still seen even on imported dresses, and the best dress makers develop many of their costumes in this fashion, but of course the coat basque is much newer.

The newest neck ruches are so enormously bushy that they resemble nothing so much as the great bearskin boas which were worn a few years ago, they seem to be growing in popularity, and are made in various materials from liberty silk or heavy velvet, to mousseline de soie, gauze or tulle. They often have a large satin bow at the back, and a bunch of flowers, or a rosette in satin or lace at the sides. An easy way to make one of these stylish trifles, is to take a piece of black satin required as a foundation, cutting it the required length and finishing the ends with hooks and eyes. The strip of mousseline de soie must be two yards long, and nearly three quarters of a yard wide, fold it double until you get it the width you wish, and then plait it to the foundation in triple box plaits taking care to sew the plaits down carefully at each edge of the ribbon foundation, otherwise the soft fluffy material will fall away from the foundation and flap loosely around the neck, instead of clinging closely to it, like a high collar. The boa, or ruff whether it be of ornamental chiffon, or comfortable fur is an important item of woman's dress this season, and it is seen in a variety of shapes and styles that seem almost endless. Fluffy long haired furs such as marten, sable, and mink, are preferred for boas, and it seems that the more heads and tails one can collect on the one boa, the more stylish; it is certainly the more high priced! I do not object so much to the tails which are a pretty finish, and I can manage to endure the ghastly glassy eyed heads; one can get used to them in time, I suppose, but I do draw the line at the number of poor little limp legs sticking out in all directions, which the most fashionable ones display. One of the leading furriers in the Dominion sent me a Russian sable boa on approval, the other day, and it absolutely had no less than eight legs sticking out from it like so many sore thumbs. I tried it on in a very gingerly manner, and then viewed myself with a hand glass. The result was not encouraging because one little stumpy leg was standing up against my back hair, another was thrust out menacingly behind my right ear, and a third was shaking a fingerless fist just under my left ear; while the other five were distributed around my neck and shoulders in reckless profusion.

The effect was altogether too rakish for my unassuming charms, so I returned the ruff, and the furrier informed, me more in sorrow than in anger, that I had rejected one of the best ruffs in his establishment; it contained two entire skins, he said, legs and all! This boa, was rather a novelty from the fact that it was not ornamented with any heads; it was quite long, 40 inches, three inches wide where flattened, and about each end was finished with three thick, full tails, the legs being left just where they grew, without any attempt at artistic arrangement. Another handsome sable boa is made round and when flattened, would measure four inches in width. It meets in front with a head and paws on each side and innumerable tails hang below. Perhaps the most natural looking of all are made of one whole skin, head and all crossing in front, and finished with six tails. Ruffs with stole ends which are entirely covered with tails, are very fashionable and they suggest the "victories" of the early Victorian era. Some of the boas are so large that they call for four entire skins in making them. Lace, and velvet flowers are used to brighten up these furs, for dressy wear. Another and very different style of boa is made of white chiffon twisted almost into the form of a rope, and then encircled at intervals of a few inches with frills really flounces, of the chiffon edged with narrow black lace. The ends are finished with wide black lace closely gathered.

The newest thing in shoulder capes is called the "Trilby" and it fills as the merchants say "a long felt want" it is really a shoulder cape, not a long fur garment which must be worn by itself. The Trilby can be worn over a jacket, or even over a cloth cape and it would be a real comfort with either, not to mention the fact that it is a very becoming garment indeed. It is cut very full and is pointed both in back and front, and also on the shoulders where the wide points extend over the large sleeves in a manner which is very fetching indeed. A very large storm collar also pointed in front rolls over at the throat, and can be turned up so as to entirely cover the ears in cold or stormy weather. Collar-cuffs made with a yoke and a ruffle of fur, box pleated all around, are very stylish with the high standing collar, which is so arranged that it will roll down, and look quite as well as it did standing, are a feature of all this season's fur garments, be they small fur capes, or long fur coats.

Chinchilla is an old fur which is very much in favor this year, and many of the ruffs, collars, and long capes are made of it. Unfortunately, like gray Persian lamb, it is only becoming to a few.

**Delicious way of Cooking Potatoes.**  
The simplest ways of cooking potatoes were formerly considered the best and only ways of preparing them, but now when the housewife is anxious to vary the family bill of fare this homely vegetable receives considerable attention, particularly at this time of year, when potatoes are not so firm and delicate as early in the season. Sweet potatoes may also be prepared in a variety of ways.

**Stuffed Potatoes.**  
A novel way of baking potatoes is with a sausage filling. Use large potatoes and cut a slice from one side an inch and a half in size. Take a small scoop and remove part of the inside. Fill with sausage meat, or chopped veal and pork well seasoned may be used. Cover the filling with the slice of potato first cut off. Stand the potatoes in a baking pan and bake in a moderate oven.

**Potatoe Timbale.**  
Pare eight good-sized potatoes, cover them with boiling water, and let them cook thirty minutes. Drain the water from them and mash them smooth and light. Add three tablespoonsful of butter, two of finely chopped parsley, some salt and pepper, and then gradually beat into them one cup of hot milk, and stirring hard, add last three well-beaten eggs. Butter an oval basin and cover it thickly with fine crumbs. Then fill with the prepared potato and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. Let the dish stand a few minutes after it comes from the oven, then place a heated platter over the top of the basin, and turn them over together. Press the tin to loosen the sides and lift it gently from the timbale.

**Creamed Potatoes au Gratin.**  
Put in a saucepan one cup of cream or rich milk, a small piece of butter, and salt and pepper. Cut into dice half a dozen cold boiled potatoes, and when the cream mixture has come to a boil add the potatoes. Let them boil up once and remove from the fire. Place a layer of the potatoes in a buttered baking dish and scatter over them some grated cheese, and then layers of potatoes and cheese until the dish is filled. Sprinkle over the top a layer of crumbs and bits of butter over all. Put the dish in a hot oven and bake until the crumbs are browned, which should be in about fifteen minutes.

**Potatoes on the Half Shell.**  
Take half a dozen good-sized round potatoes and wash them, rubbing the skins well with a vegetable brush. Put them in a brisk oven, and when baked prick a hole in the ends to let out the steam. This is the secret of a mealy baked potato. Cut

the potatoes in half lengthwise, scoop out the insides into a hot bowl, and add a dessert spoonful of butter, two tablespoonsful of hot milk, the yolks of two eggs, and salt and pepper to taste. Beat vigorously, and fill the jackets with the mixture. Put the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff, over the top, and return to the oven for a few moments until they are a nice brown. This is a very ornamental dish, as well as toothsome and delicious. Place a napkin on a flat dish, and arrange the half shells upon it to serve them.

**Potatoes a la Italienne.**  
Boil the potatoes until they are mealy and dry. While hot beat them up with a wire whisk and when fine and light beat in two tablespoonsful of cream, the same amount of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of melted butter, and the yolks of two beaten eggs. Last stir in lightly the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Pile irregularly upon a flat dish, grate cheese lightly over the top, and brown quickly in the oven, serve at once. If desired a thick cream sauce may be poured around them.

**Potato Flowers.**  
For two cupsful of well seasoned mashed potatoes, add the yolks of two eggs, and the white of one and beat them well together. Place the mixture in a pastry bag with a tube having a large star-shaped opening and press the mixture out into a flat dish that may be used to serve on. Guide it around in a circle three inches in diameter, making each row smaller until it comes to a point. Touch the piles lightly with a brush dipped in beaten egg and place a bit of butter on each one. Put them in the oven a moment to brown lightly and serve very hot.

**Potato Fingers.**  
To make potato fingers. Use cold mashed potatoes and make them into rolls three inches long. Dip them in melted butter and then in beaten egg, and place them on a buttered tin. Put them in a hot oven and bake until brown.

**Queen Potato Puffs.**  
Mix together five dessert spoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and a saltspoonful of salt. Grate into this half a dozen cold boiled potatoes. Add half a cup of milk, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and two well-beaten eggs. Place over the fire a spider containing melted lard. When the lard becomes smoking hot, drop the mixture into it by the dessert spoonful, and fry to a light brown. Drain the puffs on brown paper and serve very hot.

**Potatoes a la Mexicaine.**  
At a Mexican home potatoes were cooked and served in the following way and pronounced excellent: Peel large potatoes and then cut in halves, scoop out the centre and fill the space with a mixture made as follows: Take two eggs boiled hard and then mashed fine, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one of onion, and one of melted butter, and one raw egg beaten light, and make the mixture thick with finely chopped cooked chicken or meat. Heap the mixture in the potatoes and sprinkle over the top crumbs and grated cheese. Bake to a brown and pour tomato sauce around them to serve.

Sweet potatoes require to be cooked in a rather more careful manner and cut as little as possible or the strength of the potato will be lost. For baking or boiling do not cut the skins before cooking. The Southern way of serving mashed sweet potatoes is thus: Boil dry and then peel the potatoes. Mash them fine and add two tablespoonsful of melted butter, four of sugar, and a saltspoonful of salt, and moisten with a very little hot milk if they are dry. Beat them until light and place

on a round dish, making them in the beehive shape. Brush them over with a beaten egg mixed with a tablespoonful of milk and bake in a moderate oven until a nice brown.

Another Southern mode of serving sweet potatoes is to boil, peel and cut them into thick slices lengthwise. Take a shallow baking dish and put in a layer of the sliced potatoes, sprinkle them with vinegar, dredge with flour. Repeat until the dish is filled, putting a layer of crumbs over the top with butter on them. Fill the dish with water and bake an hour briskly.

An appetizing dish is browned sweet potatoes. Boil the potatoes until done, drain off the water and dry, then peel and cut them into halves lengthwise. Put three or four tablespoonsful of beef drippings in a spider over the fire. Sprinkle the potatoes with salt, pepper, and sugar. Drop them in the hot fat, brown on one side, then turn carefully and brown the other. Serve very hot.

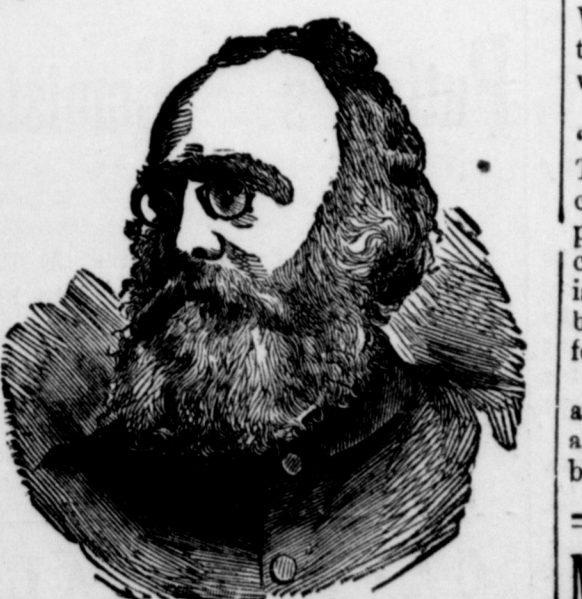
**Sweet Potato Croquettes.**  
Mash two heaping cupsful of potato fine, adding two tablespoonsful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one large or small egg. Heat over the fire, and, if very dry, add a little warm milk. When the mixture becomes cool, form into balls and roll first in beaten egg and then in cracker crumbs and fry in smoking hot lard.

**A BROAD MINDED DIVINE.**  
DOES NOT HESITATE TO SPEAK FOR THE GOOD HIS WORDS WILL DO.

A Scholarly Christian and a Beloved Pastor Who Believes in Training the Body as Well as the Mind.

The twenty-ninth day of April is a notable day in the history of the May Memorial church in Syracuse, as it is the anniversary of the installation of the Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop, D. D., the eminent divine who so long has ministered to them spiritually as pastor of the church.

Dr. Calthrop was born in England and received his preparatory scholastic training at St. Paul's School London. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, he soon became a bright figure in that brilliant coterie of scholars, literary men and wits that followed in the traditions of Macaulay and his associates at the university. In the middle of the century he visited Syracuse and received his first impressions of the young city that nearly a score of years later he was to choose as his home and in which his labors have been so long and effective. The masterly pulpit addresses of Dr. Calthrop have had their fundamentals drawn from the deepest research. His people have been instructed by him, not only in things spiritual, but in the elements of the broadest culture, in literature, in art and in science. His young men have been taught a muscular system of morality. In these and in many other ways has he endeared himself to his congregation, which is one of the most highly cultured and wealthy in the city.



REV. DR. CALTHROP, SYRACUSE, N. Y.  
Dr. Calthrop has a striking personality. To the eye he is a most picturesque figure. His head and face, framed in luxuriant masses of silky, snow white hair and beard, are of the type of Bryant and Longfellow. Although over seventy years old his spare figure is firm and erect and every

movement is active and graceful. His whole life long he has been an ardent admirer and promoter of athletic sports, and even at his advanced age, plays tennis with all the vigor and skill of a young man. To Syracuseans, perhaps, this remarkably versatile man is most widely known, apart from his profession, as a scientist.

On a bright April morning a reporter followed the winding driveway that curving around the hill leads to Calthrop Lodge, an old-fashioned red brick mansion, surrounded by a grove of oaks and chestnuts. Wearing a black skull cap and a black coat of semi-clerical cut, the master of Calthrop Lodge graciously received the reporter who called to inquire about his health, for, though manfully repressing all possible evidence of his suffering, Dr. Calthrop for many years had been the victim of a distressing affliction, until by fortunate chance he was led to take the remedy which has effectually cured him.

During more than half of his pastorate in Syracuse, Dr. Calthrop has been troubled with rheumatism, and at intervals he suffered excruciating agony from it. At times the pain was so great as to prevent him from walking. Many remedies were tried without success and he and his friends had given up hope of a permanent cure or of more than temporary relief when he took the preparation that drove the disease completely from his system.

In a letter written to the editor of The Evening News, of Syracuse, last year, Dr. Calthrop told of his affliction and its cure. This is Dr. Calthrop's letter:—  
To the editor of The Evening News,—  
Dear Sir: More than 35 years ago I wrenched my left knee, throwing it almost from its socket. Great swelling followed, and the synovial juice kept leaking from the joint.

This made me lame for years, and from time to time the weak knee would give out entirely and the swelling would commence. This was always occasioned by some strain like a sudden stop. The knee gradually recovered, but always was weaker than the other.

About fifteen years ago, the swelling recommenced, this time without any wrench at all, and before long I realized that this was rheumatism settling in the weakest part of the body. The trouble came so often that I was obliged to carry an opiate in my pocket everywhere I went. I had generally a packet in my waistcoat pocket, but in going to a conference at Buffalo, I forgot it, and as the car was damp and cold, before I got to Buffalo, my knee was swollen to twice its natural size.

I had seen the good effects that Pink Pills were having in such cases, and I tried them myself with the result that I have never had a twinge or a swelling since. This was effected by taking seven or eight boxes.

I need not say that I am thankful for my recovered independence, but I will add that my knee is far stronger than it has been for 35 years.

I took one pill at my meals three times a day.

I gladly give you this statement.  
Yours,  
S. R. CALTHROP.

Since writing this letter Dr. Calthrop has not had any visits from his old enemy and is even more cordial now in his recommendation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than he was then. To the reporter he said:

"I am continually recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to a acquaintance and those I chance to meet who are troubled with rheumatism or locomotor ataxia. "Pink Pills," continued, Dr. Calthrop, "are the best thing of the kind, I know of. They are infinitely superior to most medicines that are put up for sale. I know pretty well what the pills contain and I consider it an excellent prescription. It is such a one as I might get from my doctor but he would not give it in such a compact form and so convenient to take."

"I recommend the pills highly to all who are troubled with rheumatism, locomotor ataxia or any impoverishment of the blood."

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

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