

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I don't know where the idea just originated, or what class of humanity is responsible for its propagation, but it is one of the canons of a cynical man's belief, that women cordially detest each other. The enmity is supposed to be one of the natural antipathies such as some people feel for cats, and others for rats, and its primary cause is set down to the jealousy which women are popularly supposed to feel for each other, and the envy with which the plain woman regards her handsome sister, or the poor woman feels for her wealthy neighbor. In fact the opinion is far too prevalent that nature herself has implanted an instinctive enmity between women, and that even when the relations between them are apparently most cordial, the true state of their feelings towards each other is at best only an armed peace. Isolated opinions such as the one embodied in the smart saying with which both Georges Sand and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu are credited—that the only thing which reconciled them to being women, was the comforting fact that they would not be obliged to marry a woman—are largely responsible for public opinion on this subject, and considering the very doubtful authenticity of such remarks, it seems to me that the cynical man has very little proof to go upon and the weight of testimony points the other way!

History teems with instances where women have shown the most devoted friendship and admiration for each other; and the daily life of any one of us cannot fail to furnish examples of the same nature. Indeed I feel sure there are very few women in the world who have not gone through the successive stages in their youth of almost worshipping some girl older and more attractive than themselves, and being in turn the object of some enthusiastic girl's adoration. And this loyal admiration, and appreciation of another woman's good qualities is not by any means confined to our early youth; many mature women have friends of their own sex for whom they feel the most devoted affection, and if, in lieu of a better one, I may take myself as an illustration of the average woman, I can point to at least half a dozen women whom I admire most warmly and love very dearly, and who I think reciprocate the feeling sincerely. Several of these friends are women who have been brought into direct rivalry with me, and whom I have every excuse for envying. And if this is my experience why should it not be that of hundreds of others? The spirit of envy, hatred and malice, has just as strong a hold upon me as upon any of the rest of my sex, stronger I think, in fact, because I was born one of the most jealous of mortals, and I have stayed that way ever since?

Why should not women appreciate each other, and what is more natural than that one woman should understand another better than any man could?

"Oh men understand each other so much better than we can ever hope to do," we say. "I believe Charlie's brothers understand him a thousand times better than I do, though they cannot love him half as well," says the young wife, mournfully. And it is not only true, but natural, and one of the most potent reasons for that state of affairs is the very fact that she is in love with Charlie, and his brothers are not; they know his failings, and she doesn't, love being blind. Now why should it not be the same in our case? Surely women should be able to enter into one another's feelings far better than men can be expected to do, because a man is so apt to be in love with the woman he is trying to understand that he invests her with qualities she never possessed and probably knows only just as much of the real woman as she intends him to, and no more, and therefore the understanding is from being a fair one.

Two women, or two men, are free from any such disadvantages, they see each other with clear eyes unobscured by the glamour of sentiment, and they can form a just estimate of each other's good and bad qualities. A woman knows all about the little weaknesses common to feminine nature she has them all herself, and so she knows how to make allowance for them another. It is just this freemasonry of perfect comprehension which makes true and lasting friendships between women far more natural than mutual distrust and hatred, and I am sure that all thinking people who give the subject careful attention will see it in the same light, and agree with me that people who assert that our only sentiments towards each other are envy, jealousy and hatred are guilty of a thoughtless, but nevertheless very cruel libel.

I listened with outward gravity, but inward amusement, the other Sunday to a good clergyman who read to his congregation the announcement that the Metropolitan of Canada has requested all of his large flock to pray for their unfortunate fellow Christians in Armenia. There was nothing at all amusing about the announcement, and the metropolitan's action was a

most praiseworthy one, but unfortunately it reminded me instantly of a story I once heard about two sailors on a wreck. The vessel was filling rapidly and the crew had about given up hope when one of them realizing the horror of his position let go his hold on the pump, and falling on his knees began to pray. Quick as a flash the man next him sprang to his side and kicking him vigorously shouted—"Get up you cowardly lubber and go back to your place or I'll leave you overboard. Do you think we're going to be a man short at the pumps while you waste your time whining?" Ten minutes later when the pumps had been abandoned and it was every man for himself, the man who had spoken so roughly came up to his comrade and said in a changed voice—"It's all up Jack! She's settling fast, so perhaps you'd better try the prayin' tack now." And it did seem to me that so many Christians went on the same plan, when all else fails and you have tried every expedient you can think of, then try prayer as a last and desperate resort! It seems almost as if the—"All hope is gone, we have nothing to depend on now but providence"—principle was altogether too wide spread. "Our fellow Christians in Armenia," have suffered every imaginable misery, and many things which are unimaginable to civilized people. They have been oppressed, robbed and ill-treated for years, and lately their sufferings have been frightful. They have been brutally murdered by the thousand and have been compelled to look helplessly on while their nearest and dearest were butchered before their eyes, or dragged away into captivity worse than death itself. The streets of their cities have run rivers of blood and the poor remnant of their nation remain today as trembling starving refugees morning over the ruins of their homes. And all the while the other so-called Christian nations of the world have looked on with an apathy which, seems a blot not only on our christianity but on our civilization. What must be the thoughts of those wretched people, martyrs so many of them to their religion, think when they cry to their fellow Christians for help and none comes? Must not many of them die with the cry upon their lips which was wrung from their Lord in His agony—"My God my God why has thou forsaken me?" And yet we have made no sign.

Perhaps we are loth to believe the accounts we have read of Armenian horrors. "Newspapers do exaggerate everything so" we say in our proud satisfaction with our own keen perception. But I think the letters which have been published by eye witnesses of some of the massacres cuts that ground pretty fairly from under our feet, and we can no longer plead the excuse of uncertainty. I do not say that we could do much, we, at least in Canada are almost powerless to give those oppressed people the help they need so sorely but I heard with warm approval the other day, the opinion of a man who said that he could not see any way out of the difficulty except for all the Christian powers to act together as one man, swoop down on Turkey, and quietly wipe her off the face of the earth. And he said it too, before there was any discussion about Russia, Germany, and England dividing their valuable country between them like a fat bone, and each retaining a share.

The wretched starving Armenians stand in need of the prayers of all other nations even if they have nothing else to offer, and I am far from understanding the efficacy of prayer; but yet I could not help thinking, as I heard of the wish expressed by the head of our church in Canada, that our prayer would come too late to be of much comfort to the men and women and the helpless children who had already fallen victims to the savage Turks, and whose blood ill cries for vengeance from every stone of their ruined cities!

The fashions for children seem advance quite as rapidly as those their elders, and the object appears to be that they shall keep pace with grown people, and be quite as stylishly dressed. This is especially noticeable in the dresses which are designed for children's parties. Once upon a time, and not so long ago a little maid who was invited to a party, at herself dressed for any occasion when she had her hair curled, her best white frock and little black slippers on, and a pink or blue sash tied in a big bow around her waist. She was always careful about spoiling the sash, but a spot or two on the dress never worried her, as she knew it would wash, and come out of the laundry just like new. Therefore she was much more free to enjoy herself, than the be-tur-belowed and over-dressed little Miss who has taken her place.

A few years ago England was the place where simplicity in children's dresses was an inflexible rule, and English mothers pointed with a sort of horror to the extravagance with which the American children were dressed. But now this is changed, and English people seem to be striving to outdo Americans in the richness with which they clothe their children. Where the American mother makes her little daughter

a picture in dainty China silks or airy lawns and laces, the English one strives to make hers a miniature copy of the old pictures in the family gallery. The master-pieces of Gainsborough, and Sir Joshua Reynolds are studied carefully and small damsels of nine and ten are tricked out in rich velvets and stiff brocades and satins made up in Empire shape and Watteau shape, with high ruffles in the neck, and deep Watteau plaits in the back. One such costume designed for a little brunette of ten, is of heavy yellow satin covered with rare old lace, also yellow in tint, and very large sleeves of yellow velvet, which reach to just below the elbow. Yellow velvet is arranged in folds around the waist and shoulders. A very lovely gown, but scarcely a suitable one for a child, and not by any means in good taste. It is scarcely to be feared that such extravagant modes will ever become at all general, as there are fortunately very few who could afford them, and the more simple styles are far more becoming to the majority of children.

The Empire seems the favorite style for little girls' dresses, and a pretty model for a very best frock is of cream white china silk, the skirt accordion-plaited, the deep yoke covered with yellow lace and lace frills over the shoulders ending in rosettes of cream satin ribbon with straps to the neck. The sleeves are caught up with a ribbon rosette, and finished with frills of lace.

Another model, suitable for a girl of twelve is of flowered china silk. It is simply made with a plain skirt, and a full waist belted in with ribbon which matches the prevailing color in the flowering. The square neck is finished with lace edging and insertion and epaulettes of silk fall over the full sleeves. These epaulettes are often made of plain silk matching the belt.

Yet another pretty gown for a girl of eleven or twelve, is of red china silk trimmed simply with plaitings of itself. It is quaintly finished with an Elizabethan collar. Flowered or striped washing silk, nun's veiling, and crepon, are equally popular for these pretty little "best" gowns, and the deep yoke and collar, and accordion plaited skirt is the favorite model for making them up, but of course for older girls the skirts are often gored. Pale green crepon with dots or sprigs of white silk embroidered over the surface, makes a pretty gown for a dark haired child.

For the best, or party suit, of a very small boy either black velvet or black velveteen is used, and the model employed is the kilt suit with a short jacket worn over a fine white lawn blouse, with wide collar elaborately trimmed with embroidery. Boys of older growth wear knee breeches and an Eton coat of black cloth, over a white vest with a stiff shirt front and turn down collar. Of course these are only a few models for party, and very best dresses; the more serviceable gowns are cut on plainer and more compact lines.

**Soups That are Easily Made.**  
Soups add much to a dinner, and involve neither the time nor the expense that young housekeepers imagine. A soup kettle will take many bits that cannot otherwise be made use of, and a common stock is a foundation for many sauces, soups, and gravies.

A soup stock should be cooled quickly, and left uncovered until perfectly cold.

Cream soups are made with and without stock, and have come into great favor, largely taking the place of clear soups.

**Cream Tapioca Soup.**

Wash one-third of a cup of pearl tapioca and soak it in two cups of cold water at least five hours. Put the soaked tapioca over the fire with one quart of white stock and let it simmer one hour. Place in a double boiler a pint of cream and the same quantity of milk, one onion sliced, two stalks of celery cut into pieces, and a small piece of mace. Melt a tablespoonful of butter, stir into an even spoonful of flour, and add it to the cream when it is boiling. Season with salt and cayenne pepper, and let it cook ten minutes; then strain on the tapioca and stock, and serve with half a dozen spoonfuls of whipped cream put over the top of the soup when it is in the tureen.

**Cream of Celery Soup.**

Wash a bunch of celery and cut it into pieces and boil it in a pint and a half of water forty minutes. In another saucepan heat to boiling a slice of onion and a small piece of mace in one pint of milk; mix one tablespoonful of flour with one of butter and moisten with two tablespoonfuls of cold milk and add to the boiling milk. Cook ten minutes. Add the cooked celery and water to the cooked milk and season with salt and pepper. Strain and serve. A cup of whipped cream added after straining makes the soup much richer.

**Cream of Barley Soup.**

Put in a granite kettle three pints of white stock, an onion sliced, a small piece each of cinnamon and mace, and one tea-cup of barley. Allow these to cook very slowly four hours, then rub through a sieve and add one pint of boiling milk and half a pint of cream. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. The yolks of two eggs beaten light with two spoonfuls of cream and added to the boiling milk just before the soup is taken from the fire make it very much richer.

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Only can claim the honors of the foot. To gain this rank takes a combination of qualities such as Shoes we sell invariably possess. They have the right form to which the foot takes kindly. That's our idea, and we freely realize it in our stock. A poor shoe is no sooner worn than it is worn out. Footwear can't present too many good points. Ours have them all, and the price is one of them

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# RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

A SPLENDID

## Canadian Bicycle.

The Canadians seem to be coming to the front in new lines every day. This time it is bicycles. The Canadian Typograph Co. of Windsor, Ontario have established a large factory at that town for the manufacture of what is known as the Evans and Dodge wheel which is fully claimed as the "best in the world."

This explains why the "E. & D." can be driven as easily with a 6 1-2 INCH CRANK AND GEARED TO 80 as any other wheel with a 7 INCH CRANK GEARED TO 66.

It is Dust and Oil Proof Throughout. It has the Morse Chain, which requires no oil and develops 98 per cent of efficiency.

If readers will examine the accompanying cut they will at once see a practical demonstration of the reason for this.

The bearings are so constructed that the balls revolve in precisely the same direction as the hub, and for this reason all of the cutting and grinding is done away with as well as the friction of the ordinary bicycle bearing, and it will therefore be seen that this bicycle will wear ever so much longer than any other wheel produced. The weak point in bicycles has always been the bearings, which, after a years riding, were completely cut to pieces and useless.

Of the great 80 gear roadster of this company it is the boast it is a thorough Canadian, invented in Canada, patented in Canada, introduced in Canada, built by Canadians, with Canadian capital.

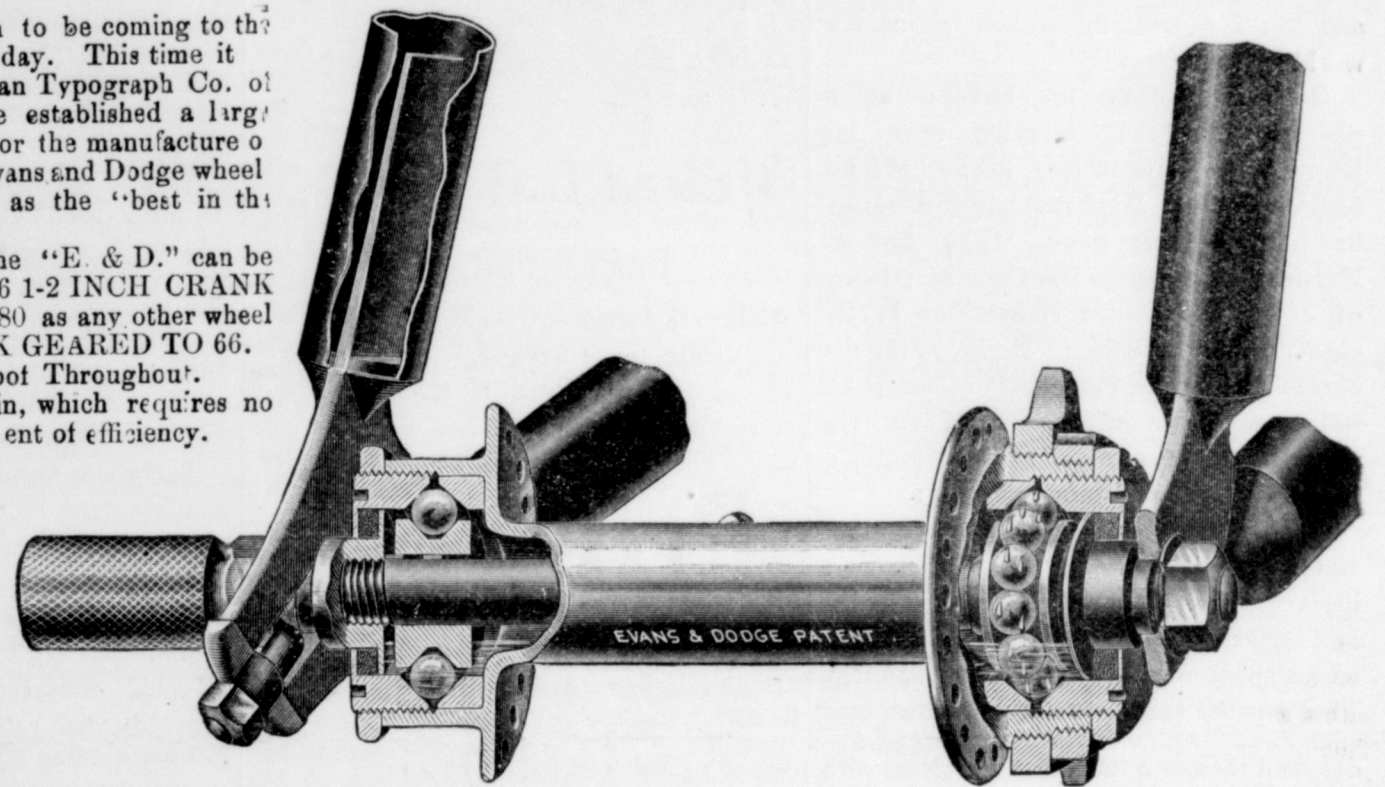
First, we wish to impress clearly on the minds of the dealers that "E. & D." bicycles is not an experiment, or in any way an un-

tested or untried wheel. The manufacturers have been working on the improvements of this bicycle for more than a year. Last May a wheel was fitted up with the bearings complete and has been running regularly throughout the season of 1895 as a test. It was fitted up with 80 gear, making 20 feet, 3 inches for every revolution of the pedal and has been put to the severe test of climbing hills alongside of other wheels with 63 and 66 gears and it is the universal opinion that our wheel with the 80 gear will climb a hill as easily as any other wheel with a 63 and 66. This is not idle talk. A wheel was taken to Toronto in the month of October and handed over

to the riders of the Toronto Athletic and Toronto Athenaeum Clubs, who were asked to test it in this respect, and there is not a man of them who rode it who was not amazed at the ease with which he could climb the hills with a machine geared so high.

We learn that contracts have been made for the whole output of the factory this year and only a limited number have been allotted to this district.

The Ira Cornwall Company (Limited) of this city have been appointed general agents for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland and are now opening agencies at all important points.



### THE QUEEN USES THEM.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria is said to Use Proprietary Medicines—Other Queens Testify to Their Wonderful Effects—One Says: "I Consider South American Nerveine the Only Remedy on the Market for Stomach Disorder."

ONE feature of Queen Victoria's character is her freedom from prejudice. In matters of statesmanship, and equally so in those of the smaller affairs of life, she takes a broad common-sense view of the situation. There is, therefore, nothing wonderful in the report that in her recent illness Her Majesty used, and was greatly benefited, by a leading proprietary medicine.

Other queens, the queens of the homes of Canada, have followed in the footsteps of Her Majesty, and found in proprietary medicines the avenue to health that they feared they had lost.

Residing near Dundalk, Ont., is Mrs. D. McArthur, one who brightly fills the position of queen in the home of one of the leading farmers in that district. Let her tell her own story: "For fifteen years I was troubled with dyspepsia, and during the winter previous to using South American Nerveine I was confined to my bed, and my life despaired of. At intervals I consulted several leading doctors, but with little or no relief, as they claimed my case to be of a chronic nature. I was induced to try South American Nerveine, and had taken only a few bottles when health came back to me, and finally I was completely restored. Knowing how desperate was my case, I feel safe in saying that for any stomach disorder there is no remedy like South American Nerveine." Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

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For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. Price 75 cents.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.