

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

Of all the sports that one would expect women to take part in, curling is about the last! We are accustomed to hearing about champion lady golfers, and lately of lady cricketers, and even footballists, but curling seemed the one game of which men seemed likely to remain in undisputed possession. But one is never sure of anything now-a-days, and the other sex are rapidly losing their monopoly of the roarin' game. In fact so swiftly has it grown in popularity with the gentler sex that women's curling clubs are being started for the coming winter not only in Boston, Baltimore, and New York, but even in conservative Canada.

Strange to say the game was first played by women in a much more conservative place than even Canada having been introduced by women of high rank in the ice finks of London, where these sport loving dames of high degree eagerly welcomed any new sensation, and soon succeeded in giving it a vogue which bids fair to make it the rival of golf. One would imagine that the amount of strength required for the game would be rather a drawback to its general adoption by our sex, but this is the age of athletic women, and nothing seems to daunt them. Cricketing is supposed to be an excellent preparation for curling, and the girl who had attained some skill as a bowler is sure to be a successful curler. Considering that the regulation curling stone weighs about twenty-eight to thirty pounds it is hard indeed to imagine any woman handling one with anything like ease. I can lift a respectable heavy weight myself, but I confess that I find it about all I can do to lift a curling stone a foot or so off the ground, and as for giving it the easy swing that a man does when he is taking aim, well, I would just as soon play marbles with cannon balls! The genuine curling enthusiast has the stones as well as her Tam O' Shanter mittens and the knitted woolen scarf with which she girds herself, sent over from Scotland, and it is more wise than ambitious she will not order stones weighing over twenty pounds, as heavier ones would be utterly useless to her, especially at first. In the United States genuine curling stones are seldom used, very heavy iron ones are being substituted for the Scotch granite, and an ordinary stout parlor broom takes the place of the veteran curler's 'besom.'

The outfit even of the smartest female is neither elaborate nor expensive, once the stones are provided, and it consists of very heavy rubber shoes with knobs on the soles, like tennis shoes, worn over high laced skating boots, a short skirt of some stout material like heavy serge or tweed; a sweater of heavy wool, a tam o' shanter, and a pair of thick loose woolen gloves. Not a fetching costume by any means but perfectly suitable and delightfully comfortable as well. The exercise of curling is very violent, requiring every muscle to have to have absolute freedom, consequently the clothing should restrain the motions as little as possible, and be both light and warm, while the corsets, if they are worn at all must be sufficiently flexible to enable the wearer to bend over and touch the floor with her finger tips.

The smartest of woman's curling clubs make it a point to employ some genuine old Scotch curler to instruct them in the mysteries of the game, and under his guidance they meet in the mornings and devote hours to the study of their newest fad. So earnestly are they devoting themselves to it, that on certain evenings of the week challenges are issued to some club to which the male relatives and friends belong, and a friendly bonspiel is indulged in to the great enjoyment of both sides.

It is a grand sport if one is only strong enough to stand it, affording exercise for every part of the body, lungs and brain included, and it is likely to prove invaluable to girls contemplating matrimony since it can scarcely fail to make them proficient in one useful branch of household work—the art of sweeping.

Furs are about the most important part of one's dress to consider just at present, because in spite of the mildness of the season up to the present time, winter is sure to swoop down upon us suddenly, and if we have not provided ourselves in good time, or at least had our old furs looked over, and smartened up a bit, we shall find ourselves rather out of the race, for once the busy season is on it is impossible to get any furrier's work done till the holidays are all over. Strange to say furs are unusually cheap this season, and the fact is supposed to be due to hard times. Probably the wet dull autumn which is said to have been pretty general throughout Canada, may also have something to do with it. Prices must be low in order to make any sales at all; so the customer with the lean pocket book profits by the stagnation in business.

Never have furs been lovelier or more fashionable than this year, and the varied combinations in which they are made up will make it possible to have a very fashionable garment made out of two old fashioned ones which have been laid away in the

hope that the wheel of fashion would some day revolve them into style again. Some of the combinations shown at the fashionable furriers are almost startling in their novelty; wide revers, collar, and pointed cuffs of brown kid beautifully embroidered and perforated, while another has a vest of white kid, and a jabot of white lace at the throat. A very elegant coat of black Persian lamb of that beautiful silken wave which is only obtained I believe by slaughtering the mother sheep before the birth of her lamb and thus procuring the skin of the unborn lamb, has an ermine vest, and is very stylish to look at, but the woman who would wear it, knowing how the fur was obtained, deserves to have a curse go with it.

Long capes, short capes, jackets, and long cloaks all of fur are to be seen in the shop windows but the most popular of all the models are the short fitted jackets with barques, and the short capes. Amongst the imported designs are some jaunty little Eton and bolero jackets, which look very smart indeed, but are not exactly serviceable. The furs in which these little garments are developed are usually chinchilla, seal skin or Persian lamb, and they are either trimmed with contrasting furs, such as ermine with the black lamb, and sable with seal skin or else with vest and bands of embossed leather such as I have described. This leather is undressed, and of a rich snuff brown which sets off the bronze or jet beads with which it is often nearly covered. Some of the fur garments especially the jackets are so loaded with trimmings as to be positively grotesque, as the following description will show.

The garment was of seal skin, and cut on an Eton model, with a close vest and broad belt of brown leather embossed with dressed kid in a lighter shade. The neck was finished with one of the new high collars which are seen on all fur wraps, and was ruffled still higher with black chiffon and finished at the back with a bow of black satin ribbon. The sleeves were of the seal and in loose cape shape, and cut rather short, to show undersleeves of the leather fitted to the wrist with a band, and at each side of the vest was a blouse effect of black chiffon, while over the whole strange outfit hung heavy jet chains fastened on each side of the Eton jacket with round ornaments of cut jet. The effect of the whole can be more easily imagined than described. Plain comfortable capes made of Persian lamb and reaching to the waist are amongst the most popular importations, seen everywhere. They are by far the most useful purchase for anyone who can afford but one fur garment, as they are both pretty and comfortable; the collars are invariably very high Medici shape, and turn well up around the ears for cold weather.

Amongst the most fanciful fur capes are some very odd designs. A cape of ermine is really only a deep yoke, like those of all over embroidery, which we wore in our summer dresses. It is cut in three rather deep points in front and back, has an immense collar standing out in tab shape above the ears, and is finished with a deep full flounce of black velvet bordered on the edge with ermine. The muff worn with it is of ermine, and a pretty toque in tam shape with a deep band of ermine next the face gives with it.

Another new cape is in tippet shape, short on the shoulders reaching just beyond the angle of the shoulder, pointed in front and back, and finished all around with a full plaited flounce of chiffon.

Muffs are very large this season, and the furs, such as bear, black marten, and the sables look simply enormous when shaken out.

Collars and ties are seen in endless variety and they seem to abound in tails even more than they did last year. Short cravats, such as were worn last winter, are still seen, but instead of being made from a single skin with merely head, tail and feet they are modelled on the ties which were shown just at the end of last season, and have any number of little tails sticking up on each side and standing out grotesquely in all directions when the tie is put on. At the back of the neck the broad band of the collar is curved, and made to turn up in cold weather so as to protect the ears. The fronts do not lap, or cross over but hang straight down like stole ends. Some collars have stole ends that reach nearly to the foot of the skirt. Others are cut with a point reaching nearly to the waist at the back, very narrow on the shoulders and with the inevitable stole ends in front. The high rolling collars show sharp points turning over in front, instead of the rounded ends of last season.

ASTRA.

It is always fashionable to have nice white teeth and sweet breath. The use morning and evening, of "Odorama," the perfect tooth powder, assures this, and leaves the mouth in a delightful state of freshness. "Odorama" is used by refined people everywhere. Druggists—25 cents.

Would seem so.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Women are more careful about their dress than men." Cobwigger—"That's so. I haven't yet seen a pair of bloomers with a patch,"—N. Y. Ledger.

## GIRLS SELL CHEAP.

Captured Women Belong to the Fighting Mahdists.

Those persons who take a philanthropic interest in the affairs of other nations are deeply excited just now by the tales brought from Morocco by Englishmen who have been traveling about the domain of the young Sultan Abdul Aziz. It seems that slave dealers are more active among the Moors now than for many years past, and some attribute the increase of the traffic to the disturbances in the Sudan, where the Anglo-Egyptian troops are now waging war against the Mahdists.

Nearly all of the slaves sold in Morocco are stolen from the tribes which infest the Soudan, and of these slaves 90 per cent. are young girls, ranging in age from eight years to 25 years. The explanation of this is that the men of the tribes are away fighting under the banner of the Mahdi, leaving the women unprotected against the raids of the slave dealers.

The latter, from all accounts, are taking full advantage of the unfortunate condition of affairs, and, owing to the abundant supply, slaves are now selling in the principal cities of Morocco at cheaper prices than ever before. An unattractive woman of 24 or 25 years can now be bought for the Moorish equivalent of \$35, but a handsome little girl of 9 or 10 brings as high as \$60.

These women of the Soudan mature very early, and are old at 30. Children of 9 or 10 are as well developed as the average girl of 15 or 16. The Soudanese woman is quite black and ungainly in appearance, with all the familiar characteristics of the African negro.

Slavery is officially recognized in Morocco, and in each of the large cities there is a special slave market, where the wares of the dealers are sold at auction at regular intervals. The sales are always conducted with great decorum, but the dealers resort to many tricks to get big prices for their unfortunate victims. Bulletins are posted in the market giving particulars of the next sale, and these are closely studied in advance by prospective buyers.

The slave market at Fez is one of the most important in the kingdom of Morocco. It is situated in the center of the city, being nothing more than a large open square, surrounded by a kind of arcade in which the buyers and spectators sit. On one side of the open square is a magnificent mosque, a fine type of Moorish architecture, and many of the people who come to the sale first visit the mosque and send up a prayer to Allah.

The slave sales invariably take place in the evening, for the purpose of concealing in the dim light any imperfections which the unfortunate may possess. During the sale the slaves are kept together in one of the recesses of the arcade. They are always surrounded by a group of men—prospective buyers—who look them over as a woman inspects household furniture at an auction sale.

The average age of the slave girls is about 14 years, but the raiders do not scruple to steal children who would almost be considered babies in other countries. The dealers, who in most cases are prosperous, fine-looking men, watch over their victims carefully until they are sold, feeding them generously and trying to make them contented, so that they will present an agreeable appearance when placed before the bidders.

The slaves are led out separately by the dealer, who cries out their many advantages in Arabic. The usual dress of the slave is a single garment of calico. The dealer marches her around in the rings of open space while the bidders raise one another. When there is no possibility of getting a higher bidder the girl is handed to the purchaser, the money is paid over, and the next slave is brought out to go through precisely the same performance. As the auctions take place every few days, there are not many slaves put up at one sale: 12 or 15 is the average number, but in some cases, where an exceptionally fruitful raid has been made, the number runs as high as 50 or 60. Abdul Aziz, the young Sultan, who looks ten years older than he really is, encourages the slave traffic, but he is very jealous of the details concerning it reaching European ears. For this reason nearly all of the sales take place in the towns rarely visited by foreigners, but should any of the latter appear at a sale it is at once postponed.

Most of the cities of Morocco are well protected against tourists, says the Boston Post, for the reason that the whole country is overrun by companies of brigands. To make a safe journey to the interior it is necessary to be accompanied by a formidable caravan, and the average tourist cannot afford the expense. These brigands are respecters of no one. They would as soon

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## TIPPING GEN. SHERIDAN.

One of the Many Stories That Were out of His Book.

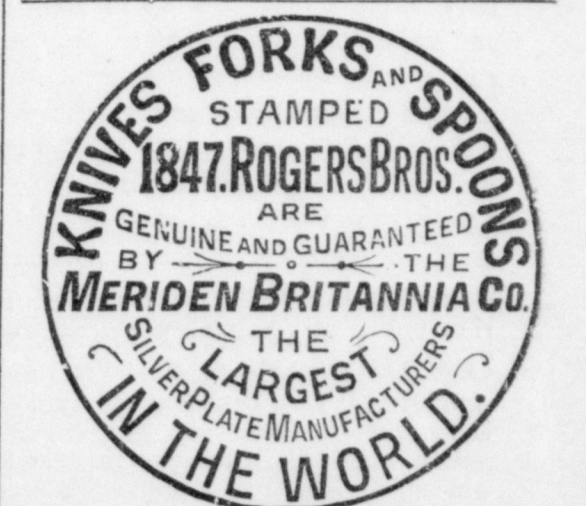
"Gen. Sheridan had a great deal more of his memoirs written than ever got into his book," said a gentleman who was for a long time officially connected with the late general of the army. "Had he lived the book would have been much livelier, I assure you. As it was, the memoirs were edited by Col. Sheridan, Gen. Sheridan's brother, after his death, and many of the best things, in my judgement at least, were for various reasons left out. Gen. Sheridan was very anxious to tell some of the funny experiences he had after he had reached the command of the army, and he had outlined several of them just prior to his illness which ended in his death.

"One of these experiences referred to the first tip that he received for being pleasant to a visitor. In the guide book there is a description at the office of the general, or, as it is known, the headquarters of the army in the war department. It is stated in connection therewith that the office is generally open for public inspection, and that visitors to the city and others are welcome to inspect it at all times, at least during office hours. Once Gen. Sheridan was very busy preparing or revising official reports. He had kept the messengers generally stationed at the outer door of his office running around at a rather lively rate to his various subordinates, and for the moment there was no one at the door, when in marched a couple of visitors, a respectable-looking man and a lady armed with their guide book. The general did not relish the intrusion very much, but they did not know it, for he kept steadily at his work.

"They examined all the pictures on the walls and gave considerable attention to a marble bust of the general, which had just been placed therein. 'So that is Gen. Phil Sheridan,' said the man to his wife. 'Well, no one would ever think that man was ever such a fighter as he was. To me he looks a little top-heavy—has too much head for his body.' He made other remarks, all of which the general heard, and the effect of them was to divert his attention from his work. 'How old is Sheridan?' asked the visitor, indicating for the first time that he noticed any one in the room. Gen. Sheridan gave him the information, and, thinking that the best way to get rid of his visitors would be to explain to them hurriedly the things of interest in the room, proceeded to do so. He warmed up somewhat on some of them, and his descriptions and explanations of some of the portraits, war scenes and Indian curios, blankets, etc.—there were a

number of them there in the room—were extremely interesting. "The visitors were appreciative, however, and, as they turned to leave the room, the man quietly slipped a 25 cent piece into the general's hand, adding that they were thankful for the information and instruction, and departed. The story was such a good one that the general told it on himself, first to his messengers and afterward to many others. He had intended to run it into his memoirs, but it never got there. He always spoke of it as the first time he had received and accepted a fee for performing a public service."—Washington Evening Star.

"In all in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife. "Well Henry," said she, as she pulled out a yellow one and laid it on top of the pile, "you will be if you don't pay that one, for that's the gas bill."—Washington Capital.



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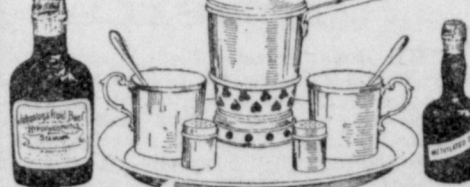
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