

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

"A FRIEND, ST. JOHN."—I answered your letter briefly last week but consider it worthy of a more extended reply as the subject is again attracting a good deal of attention both in England and the United States.

I do not consider myself that the embargo on the wearing of bird's wings plumage and the stuffed birds themselves applies to ostrich feathers though there are people who contend that the plucking of the ostrich plume is attended with a great deal of pain to the birds, but I think this is unlikely as we know that all birds shed their feathers, and that there are times when a touch removes them. Which of us has not some memory of our childhood's days when we triumphantly caught a hen by the tail, only to find our hands filled with feathers and a tailless hen rapidly disappearing in the middle distance, peering forth lamentations as she fled? The ostrich is too valuable a bird to be injured by its owners, and if the feathers were plucked too soon, or the delicate flesh injured in any way, it would cause inflammation, and soon render the bird worthless. There is a proper time for plucking the plumes, and I have read that during the moulting season the birds were carefully watched and kept in clean quarters, so that the numerous plumes they dropped would be uninjured. We know that the ostrich lives and flourishes for years and if he was subjected to the cruel treatment some people would have us believe, this would scarcely be the case.

As for the quills which have dazzled our eyes this autumn with their beautiful, but utterly impossible colors, there can be no question of their being manufactured as no living bird of any known species ever grew such feathers. By manufactured, I mean that they are the feathers of fowls and turkeys, especially the latter, dyed and skillfully prepared for the market.

You are quite right in saying that we human beings do not give sufficient thought to the dumb creatures committed to our care, and I wish there were more women who thought as you do. It is a terrible thought that it is we women, "the gentle sex" as we are called, who have the most to answer for in the needless slaughter of dumb things. Men hunt and shoot and enjoy it finding in these sports an outlet for the natural savagery of their natures, and to do them justice they generally eat at least part of the game they kill, but it is for our needless adornment that the birds are slaughtered by the million that the beautiful gentle and helpless sea's are cruelly butchered, and are being rapidly exterminated; for us that millions of squirrels and other fur bearing animals are annually destroyed; and we have the nerve to attend meetings of S. P. C. A. and other benevolent associations arrayed in seal skin sacsques or squirrel lined cloaks and muffled to the ears in the skins of harmless little animals which have died to minister to our vanity, not to mention our hats which are very monuments of thoughtless and reckless cruelty. There are people who take the ground that it is no more harm to kill birds for the adornment of women's hats and bonnets than to kill turkeys and chickens for the table, and who dispose of the subject of bird destruction as easily as if it were one of the many fads of the day. I regret to say that one of these is no less influential a person than Florence Fenwick-Miller editor of the Ladies Page in the "Illustrated London News."

Some time ago Mrs. Miller published an article boldly giving it as her opinion that there was entirely too much fuss being made about the destruction of birds, and that it was decidedly inconsistent to raise such a disturbance about the birds that were killed for the adornment, and say nothing about those killed for food. In effect she promulgated the doctrine that it was no more harm to destroy an entire species of bird merely to gratify a whim of fashion, than to kill barn door fowls for food. Mrs. Miller also threw discredit on the well authenticated fact that the egret is heartlessly slaughtered in nesting season, to obtain the plumes which only grow then, leaving her nestlings to die of starvation, and that birds have their wings torn off, and are left to die, by the savage people who engage in the trade of supplying birds, and their plumage to the dealers.

Of course Mrs. Miller's deliberate publication of her views has had the effect of drawing down a storm of indignation upon her head from all lovers of birds; and by her own account she has received many very vigorous letters on the subject. Perhaps the most interesting of these is from the pen of the gifted Louise de la Ramee better known to the world as "Ouida" well known as a lover of all dumb things and an enthusiastic writer in their behalf. "Ouida" expresses her feelings after this manner: "Sport, vile and stupid as it is, preserves for its own selfish reasons many races. Fashion, still more vile and stupid, causes the wholesale destruction of entire races. The wearing of wings and egrettes is in no sense beautiful. It is barbarous, foolish, and gives the most shameful example to the middle and lower classes that has ever been set by royal and patri-

cian women. All hunters kill the egret in the breeding season because it is then more easily slain. I beg you to weigh these facts, and to remember that two wrongs do not make a right."

Here is Mrs. Miller's answer to that earnest appeal—"No doubt madam; but my objection to this agitation against feathered hats is that it is magnifying a comparatively very small matter while paying no attention to the innumerable serious cruelties that exist in our midst. I do not perceive that it is any more a 'wrong' to kill for human adornment, than it is to kill for the gratification of human appetite, or for mere idle amusement; and I complain that the people who bombard me with tracts on bird protection, say no word as to the greater quantity of killing that daily goes on for these latter purposes. In fact they spend money and energy on a comparatively trivial topic apparently only because it affords a peg for the abuse of the whole female sex that is so popular a modern diversion. . . . My feelings are as keen for Mrs. Chuck-a-biddy of the farm-door as for the most gorgeous denizen of Eastern climes. Why not tears for the harmless hen too? But presumably the Bird protection league which only feels for foreign feathered life, will be placated by this tale."

It is a pity that Mrs. Miller whose influence is wide spread should have allowed herself to give utterance to such views thus placing herself publicly on the side of the bird destroyers, and also giving the public the impression that she has devoted a little thought to the subject as to be in a state of lamentable ignorance about it. Surely Mrs. Miller must be aware that the agitation has been largely on behalf of singing birds, and English singing birds at that, and as such creatures are not used for food her argument in favor of their wholesale destruction scarcely holds good. They are in no danger of being killed for the table, therefore but for the senseless fashion which is destroying them they might live and fulfill the destiny appointed for them as insect destroyers. They are not to be confused for a moment with the barn door fowl which is bred for food, and which is at least killed mercifully, and never molested when bringing up its young. Neither does an interest in protecting the helpless birds imply an indifference to other forms of cruelty "going on in our midst" I think it Mrs. Miller took the trouble to make inquiries she would find that the people who bore her with remonstrances against her very extraordinary attitude on the subject are equally active in trying to suppress cruelty of every kind.

It is an awful thought that the lives of countless animals are daily sacrificed for our convenience but it seems to be unavoidable, I am sorry to say, and the fact that it is should not deter us from making every effort in our power to suppress all unnecessary and thoughtless sacrifice of animal or bird life.

I have given you a long answer to your letter, but it interested me, and was upon a subject which I had already selected for discussion this week. I shall always be glad to hear from you.

Every spring and every autumn as regularly as the leaves come out and fall, comes the threat that waists unlike skirts will no longer be worn and that suits and suits alone will be de rigueur. But I cannot see that the final passing of the fancy waist is one whit nearer than it was last year. It is true that a large proportion of the new dresses have the bodice like the skirts but as there is almost invariably a second or perhaps a third color and material.

with a combination of lace, jet, or some other trimming, in the same bodice, so it often requires a second glance in order to see the resemblance between bodice and skirt, the likeness often coming out only in the sleeves. For instance a new French dress of navy blue canvas, made up over green and blue shot silk, has a finish of heliotrope velvet, a knife plating of green silk down each side of the cream lace vest, black silk braiding on the canvas bolero, and a green silk belt and collar band. The sleeves are of the canvas with green plaiting and cream lace at the wrist. And this is a fair sample of the French gowns which have the skirt and bodice alike. Waists of chameleon silk with wide linen collars, and waists of soft flowered silks made full above the wide satin belt, are very much

worn. The Louis Quinze coats of brocaded silks are shown among the new styles to be worn with skirts of light cloth. There is no longer room for doubt that the skirts are narrowing, they are growing smaller by degrees, and beautifully less. The change is gradual, it is true, but none the less decided. Four and a half yards, or even four, might safely be taken as the average of the fashionable skirt, which fits with glove-like closeness and smoothness over the hips, and hangs very gracefully, though in less voluminous folds than formerly. In shape, the seven gored skirt, is the favorite, but one sees an occasional bell shaped skirt, with but one seam in and very little fullness in the back.

I do not think there is much cause for alarm over the approach of the tight sleeve, because it is so rarely that an old fashion is revived, without some modification that I cannot believe we shall ever see the ugly skin tight sleeve of six years ago in style again. There were so few people whose arms and shoulders were perfect enough to bear the severe outline of a sleeve sewn tightly and plainly into the armhole; and the mere fact which is indisputable, that a tight sleeve accentuates every defect in a woman's form, will have a potent effect in keeping a respectable amount of draping and fullness, around the armhole. It would never do to have the fashions designed exclusively for perfectly formed women, because the great majority of us would protest and the result would be confusion.

The newest sleeves are really very stylish and give a delightful air of trimness, and at the same time quaintness, to a costume. Tight almost as the skin, up to midway between shoulder and elbow, they spring out into a puff, a cluster of frills, or the genuine leg of mutton fullness, and though they are decidedly uncomfortable after the delightful freedom of the balloons we have been wearing, their style almost reconciles one to the discomfort of being unable to raise the arms without due thought and serious preparation.

## LONDON'S WASHING.

Nearly All is Done at 8,000 Steam and Electric Laundries.

The satirical literature of the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century is thick with shafts leveled against three pet grievances of the middle class of those years of grace—namely, cold mutton, mothers-in-law, and the miseries of washing day. Since that benighted period the chief of commerce has discovered at least fifty ways of spoiling wholesome cold mutton; mothers-in-law we still have with us—though not necessarily in the form of nuisances—while the miseries of washing day have been so far mitigated by machinery as to be reduced to the rank of a minor inconvenience. Indeed, washing day has been banished from all but comparative humble homes, and the more fortunate household sends the family linen to be treated at a huge steam laundry, where the heat is produced by electricity and the elaborate engines are driven by electricity. London and the suburbs contain about 8,000 laundries of different kinds, with an invested capital of six to seven millions sterling. The very largest employ from 200 to 500 hands, representing a turnover of from £500 to £700 per week. These monster laundries, in reckoning their expenses and profits, allow 50 per cent. for labor, 5 per cent. for fuel and materials, and 45 per cent. for the cost of and deterioration in machinery, rent, taxes, management, and a return on capital employed. In cities and large towns the time appears to have passed forever when a copper in the back kitchen, a washing tub, a corrugated board, and a few flat irons were deemed sufficient stock-in-trade for a first-class laundry; and the large laundries, springing up with the celerity of mushroom growth, declare that in washing clothes hand labor cannot compare for cleanliness and economy of means to and end with machinery. It is not, therefore, surprising to find a laundry, engineering and sanitary exhibition—the fourth of its kind—flourishing exceedingly at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

All the wide floor space is given over to machinery in motion, ironing machines, air propellers, hydro-extractors, disinfecting, tumbling and separating machines, portable boilers, fans for ventilating and drying purposes, pressure washing machines, improved blowers, gas irons, wash tub ranges, steeping, rinsing and blueing tanks, drying horses, ironing stoves, smokeless combustion furnaces, artesian wells, and soap and soda, lime, starch and blue of every aspect, quality and price. Enthusiasts in the hall proudly boast that there is hardly an engineer or chemist of consequence, practising two callings in these

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# RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

islands, not engaged in working out some process or other connected with the laundry trade. And all this invention, talent and enterprise is essentially of modern growth. It appears to have reached maturity within the past dozen or so, necessitated in the first place, by factory Acts and encouraged to its liveliest manifestations by the Public Health Act of 1891. These intelligent custodians of whirling hydro-extractors and American shirt starchers will sell you that washing was never properly done until now; that the old—or, rather young—Parisian blanchisseuse was not much better than a bungler, and that the pretty English laundrymaid of the long ago could not be trusted nowadays to properly wash a pocket handkerchief. They at least, have no belief in the continental rustic washerwoman dabbling the family wash in a clear and running stream. The grass green, the poplars bending to the wind, the upland fair with patches of sunlight and racing cloud shadows—but, from their cast-iron and revolving band point of view, the result is execrable.

## TILES OF GLASS.

They Are Made for Use on all Sorts of Roofs, and are Useful.

A great deal of attention is now being given to a new roofing which has lately been patented, and is of German invention. It is said among architects that this tile roof undoubtedly will be the roof of the future. Like many of the patents of German origin, it is at once, simple, cheap and yet so durable, that when once placed it will never wear out. When an order is given for one or more of these roofs, the builder, instead of giving an order for a number of tiles, as is done in other cases, causing a large expense for transportation, may, if he prefers, simply send a small machine to the grounds where the house is in course of construction, accompanied by a man understanding the use of the machine, and in a few days enough tiles are produced to cover the building. Sand and cement are its component parts, hence its cheapness. One part of cement is mixed with three parts of sand; to these is added enough water to give it the consistency of thick mortar. The mass is pressed into a mould, and the tile, after standing for three days, is ready for use. The machine is so light, and simple that a boy can work it, and no boards are needed under the tiling when placed, whereby a large item of expense is done away with, the tiles being set on laths, placed six or eight inches apart. The tiles have a locking ledge, by which they fit closely into each other, making a roof absolutely proof against rain, snow, wind and weather. No paint, or plaster, or cement is needed, and they are proof against chemicals and, what is of supreme importance in this country, against fire. A report made by Consul Managahan, of Chemnitz, Germany, to the State Department, says: A man named Kohier, living in Limbach, Saxony, has recently invented a cheap, durable roof. It consists of cement and gravel or cement and sand, and is as durable as slate, is very much cheaper, looks as well or better, can be made much easier and put on quicker. In a country like the United States, where wooden shingles are almost universally used, heightening very much the danger from fire. This roof will soon win its way to favor.

The practical values of the new roofs are: First, of all, against fire; second, it fills every requirement of a good roof, is durable, being proof against all kinds of weather; it is light and may be made as light or heavy as one may wish; it may be given all the colors of a natural slate and 50 shades besides. A square yard of these tiles weighs 65 pounds, but can be made lighter or heavier. The distinction is due to certain ridges that run around the inside of the plate and permit of one so lying on and into the ridges of another as to pre-

clude the possibility of wind or water working their way inside. Nothing whatever is needed for these roofs, except these plates. Nails, paint or plaster play no part whatever.

Plates may be made of pressed glass in exactly the same form, and fitted to roofs, thus avoiding the cost of building in windows, or for the purpose of an artist or photographer a whole roof may be made of glass tile, thereby getting the greater amount of light without obstruction.

## SCHOOLS FOR THIEVES.

London's Police Have Discovered Several of Such Places.

In the East end of London there are still in existence several training houses for thieves. Although the police keep a strict and severe watch upon them, these houses sometimes do a flourishing business, and the proprietors are so cautious, move about so cautiously, and take such elaborate precautions, that it is only with the greatest difficulty that any reliable evidence can be obtained against them. Not only that but at the best of times, with the most conclusive evidence, a detective often attacks them only at the risk of his life.

A short time ago a man was arrested and charged with burglariously breaking into the house of a lady and stealing a quantity of silver plate and other articles. The arrest led to a revelation. It transpired that he was a somewhat celebrated trainer of burglars, and has been "wanted" by the police for months. At the time he was sentenced, no less than four of his pupils were in prison, and some half dozen were being carefully watched.

At the beginning of the year a house was raided by the police, and was found to be devoted to the training of female burglars. The proprietor, a quiet, middle-aged,

and most respectable looking man, was enormously rich, and the owner of property worth hundreds of thousands of pounds. He combined the training "profession" with that of receiver of stolen goods, and since the profits were very great and he was a keen speculator, his wealth had increased by leaps and bounds. He himself was an old criminal and in his time had undergone several years of penal servitude for house breaking. Amongst his pupils were some of the cleverest and most successful thieves known to the police at the present day, and these thieves had in many instances apprenticed their children to him.

## Letters Come.

Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Headache, still another of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

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Mr. T. G. Ludlow, 334 Colborne Street, Brantford, Ont., says: "During seven years prior to 1886, my wife was sick all the time with violent headaches. Her head was so hot that it felt like burning up. She was weak, run down, and so feeble that she could hardly do anything, and so nervous that the least noise startled her. Night or day she could not rest and life was a misery to her. I tried all kinds of medicines and treatment for her but she steadily grew worse until I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters from C. Stork & Son, of Brantford, Ont., for which I paid \$5.00, and it was the best investment I ever made in my life. Mrs. Ludlow took four out of the six bottles—there was no need of the other two, for those four bottles made her a strong, healthy woman, and removed every ailment from which she had suffered, and she enjoyed the most vigorous health. That five dollars saved me lots of money in medicine and attendance thereafter, and better than that it made home a comfort to me."

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