

## Chat to . . Boys and Girls.

With the boys and girls of St. John Halifax and the many other places where PROGRESS is a welcome visitor, I want to spend a short time each week, in real friendly social chat especially as the considerate editor has promised us this cosy corner, all "for our very own"—I propose that we should institute a sort of round table (you know they fit so well into a corner) about which we may all gather on Saturday and as that is a holiday from school I shall hope to meet a great many of you then, and there, trusting you will look forward to and enjoy our chats, as much as I shall. I am very fond of school boys and girls, and feel deeply interested in all that concerns their young, happy life—I say happy, because though you have your trials and vexations, just as many and as real, as we older ones yet they do not fall so heavily upon young shoulders, nor are the effects so lasting, and really, whether you think it or not, this is just the happiest time in your lives, because it is the time most free from care, and most full of hope—enjoy it then all you can, in a manly or a womanly way, and if I can help you any in our weekly talks together how glad I shall be! Don't neglect first of all I would say to enjoy life—remember, boys and girls the old home will not stand forever! It seems to you very secure now perhaps, with mother's kind face always at the table, she looking bright and well, able and willing to see, and settle with "butcher and baker, or tailor or dressmaker" and all the other people upon whom your comfort largely depends. Why you can't fancy home without mother! She's part of your very life and you cannot separate her even in your thoughts from everything pleasant and comfortable that goes to make up the home. Well, I say from the bottom of my heart "God grant she may be long spared to you" but while you have her—love her—not only with words and kisses but with little acts of thoughtfulness for her comfort, if it is only running upstairs to save her often tired feet, or closing the door gently, setting her chair at the table, or in the warmest corner, doing her errands cheerfully even though you wanted to go in the very opposite direction for some fun of your own, or giving up a good part of your holiday to amuse the half sick and perhaps fretful baby—it seems hard at the time I know, but oh! it pays well in the end—depend upon it, the memory of mother's approving smile and kind words, will be far, far sweeter and more satisfying than all the fun you could possibly have had, with Jennie or Tom playing house or coasting, or anything else. Read these few verses will you?

Nobody knows but Mother,  
Nobody knows of the work it makes,  
To keep the home together;  
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,  
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,  
Which kisses only smother;  
Nobody's pained by naughty blows  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care  
Bestowed on baby brother;  
Nobody knows of the tender prayer  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught  
Of loving one another;  
Nobody knows of the patience sought  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears  
Lest dear ones may not weather  
The storms of life in after years  
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above  
To thank the Heavenly Father,  
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love  
Nobody can—but mother.

I think this expresses exactly what I would say. Perhaps too, there are merry sisters, and brothers, filling the house with fun and frolic making company for each other, and sharing little treasures and con-

fidences. And then, there is father, strong and helpful, at the head of all, to protect and provide for you, without a thought on your part. Why of course you feel safe and secure in this nest, nor does it dawn upon your young minds that the home blessings, should be appreciated, thought over, and given thanks for day by day. Ah! I am not very old yet, but I have lived to see my home so broken up, so wanting in the dear familiar faces that made child life pleasant that, though the house is still there, I dread to enter it—everything is so changed, and it can never be the same again you see so from a full heart I advise my boys and girls, to love and appreciate Home and Mother as among life's best blessings.

At another time I should like to talk with you about your school life, and occasionally I shall tell you a story, as all young folks I know are great story lovers, and I should like to see the round table so full of happy listeners, that PROGRESS will have to supply many extra copies to meet the demand. If I can suggest games or amusements for the boys in these long autumn evenings or help the girls with hints of fancy work for birthday gifts, or fixing up their rooms prettily, I hope they will let me know. Any letters sent to the care of PROGRESS will reach my corner safely, it addressed to AUNT BELL.

### FRILLS OF FASHION.

Many of the latest Parisian toques are ablaze with a mixture of red and orange that almost defies description. Velvet draperies in rich orange, emerald and petunia are veiled with crazy net, dotted here and there with sparkling jewels and jewelled pins of large dimensions fasten loops and twists on hats and bonnets.

The newest shade of red is begonia. It is rich and deep and not so harsh as cherry red or cardinal.

Overskirts and draperies are becoming general on the light, fluffy type of evening gown, and they will no doubt be universally adopted for evening wear before winter sets in.

A novel finger ring is made to send forth a spray of scent whenever the wearer pleases, or to speak more accurately, when she is wise enough to keep the receptacle well filled. Other rings are set with a tiny watch.

Chains of all sorts and sizes are the order of the day. The more small jingling ornaments that can be crowded on the longnette chain the more fashionable it becomes. Paris sends us a brand new chain, showing a sort of Grecian border formed in steel and black enamel united. The whole thing is fully half an inch in width.

Chenille and straw blended together form bold patterns for the embellishment of bodices and skirts. Straw embroidery, by the way, is being much employed on muslin evening gowns, and some beautiful tulle ball gowns are worked all over the front with straw, the sleeves and belt being of turquoise blue or nasturtium velvet.

The most fashionable handkerchiefs of the moment are bordered with narrow colored Valenciennes lace. They may be fashionable, but the women of really refined taste avoids everything but pure white in her linen from her handkerchief to her night-dress.

English women of fashion are wearing shoes and stockings to match even their day gowns. Colored shoes have never taken well in America. Unless a perfect match is possible the effect is very ugly.

Velvet trimmings will find unlimited favor this winter, and dressmakers are still utilizing all kinds and shades of narrow ribbon as trimming for new autumn gowns.

Few women can afford to adopt the eel-skin sleeve, with nothing in the way of a frill, puff or epaulet to give the required breath to the shoulders, but all shoulder trimmings must be exceedingly small to meet fashionable demands.

Pretty shades of golden and seal brown are much in evidence in winter materials, and there seems to be a rage for every shade of red.

Tailors are disposed to smile most graciously on the new skirt that is mysteriously fashioned without any seam up the back and no fulness at the waist.

A magnificent teagown, designed in Paris for a New Yorker, is made of reddish guipure over white liberty silk. The corsage fastens with two large choux in black tulle, long ends of the tulle falling to the hem of the gown.

### WOMEN HERE AND ABROAD.

Women in Victoria will in future have the privilege of helping to elect the members of the Legislative Assembly. A bill has been passed giving them the suffrage. There was almost no opposition to the measure.

Mrs. A. T. Fisk, an English woman and a member of the Women's Vegetarian

Union, is lecturing on Vegetarianism as a cure for poverty.

Medicine was the profession to which women were first admitted in Russia. Many unattached woman surgeons accompanied the troops during the Russo-Turkish war in 1877, and were reported to have done their duty with unflinching courage and never-failing zeal. Quite recently a law has been passed whereby medical women who have obtained the diploma granted by certain medical schools are eligible for Government appointments and become entitled to the privileges that go with them. Russian women are elated over this turn in their affairs which places them on the same footing as men. Here's the best part of the new law after all, perhaps. The woman doctor who obtains an official appointment becomes eligible for a pension.

The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and Half Million Club has sent Mrs. Janet McDonald of that city on a tour through the South and East to attract immigrants and capital to California. Mrs. McDonald was formerly in the millinery business, and made such a success that she was singled out for this novel mission.

St. Louis has only one woman lawyer, and St. Louis is proud of her. She is Miss Daisy Dorothy Barbee, and is about 25 years old. The leading members of the bar regard her with friendly interest, holding out a helping hand when a chance comes their way to do so. At present Miss Barbee is giving her attention to some civil cases, and is achieving success. She believes in dress reform 'to a degree,' as she puts it, and in woman suffrage 'in a way.' She believes in marriages, provided people are mated as well as matched, and never fails to read two novels a week as recreation.

### WAR ON THE TORMENTORS.

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A. Darnell, of Hayden, Neb., writes: "For 12 years I was tormented with itching piles, the agony at times was almost beyond bearing. I tried a dozen or more so-called pile remedies without any lasting benefit. One box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment cured me." This remedy cures eczema when all else fails.

### MEN WHO MAKE TOWNS.

English Towns Which Have Been Made By One Person's Influence.

It is interesting to note the number of important English towns which, once inconsiderable, have been raised in the course of a few decades to their present position chiefly through one person's influence. There is for instance, Bournemouth. It was discovered by a gentleman from Dorsetshire, named Tregonwell who erected among the pinewoods a dwelling for himself, and was careful to sound the praises of Bournemouth everywhere he went. In gazetteers of forty years ago the town is not thought worth a mention; to day 'the Mentone of England' boasts a population of nearly forty thousand, and is full of visitors all the year round. Its development starts from 1856, when a Board of Commissioners was formed, chiefly owing to the exertions of Mr. Tregonwell.

There was no Southport a hundred years ago. In 1792 a man named William Sutton built the first house there, an inn, which was called 'Sutton's Folly,' in derision.

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The builder, however, knew better than the scoffers what he was about, for today Southport is the most flourishing sanatorium of Lancashire, with a population of over 41,000. In gratitude to its founder the town has erected a handsome column to his memory at the junction of Lord street and Duke street.

Sir John Clark may be called the Columbus of Ventnor, he having 'discovered' this charming 'beauty-spot' in 1841. His eulogies of it as a resort for invalids spread far and wide, and from a fishing village it has become a well-known watering place, populated by nearly 6,000 people.

Bexhill-on-Sea has loomed large in the public eye for the last two or three years, and its almost magical growth has been due in a large measure to Earl De la Warr.

Esbourne, a very near neighbour of the last named resort, owes much to the late Duke of Devonshire. Forty years ago it boasted of but 3,000 inhabitants, now it has over 34,000 people, and stands second to none of those in search of a vacation by the sea.

Royalty itself we find among the individuals who have made towns, for what would Weymouth have been without the patronage of George III., or the very queen of watering-places, Brighton, without that of the fourth George, while Regent?

Turning from pleasure-resorts to manufacturing towns, we find that Barrow, forty years ago a collection of fishermen's huts, was made an important centre, with a population of nearly 52,000, by the exertions of the Duke of Buccleuch and the late Duke of Devonshire, after the discovery of a rich vein of hematite ore.

West Hartlepool owes its being to a railway speculator named R. W. Jackson, who began it in 1847. Ere long West Hartlepool had outstripped the old town, and now, with a population of 42,700, is just doubling its size.

The enormous development of Cardiff is greatly owing to the Marquess of Bute. To-day it is an important centre, with 126,000 of population, whereas fifty years ago it boasted but 10,000 souls.

### A Simple Test of Drinking Water.

An inquiry has been made as to a simple test for the presence of sewage in water. All drinking water should be tested in town or country frequently as there are other impurities beside sewage which are quite as deadly, and every cistern of water liable to be a source of blood poisoning—mice, rats, and other pests must have water and many a case of typhoid is set up by such as these falling into the cistern and remaining there for months in a decomposed state. To detect this impure condition is very simple and unailing. Draw a tumbler of water at night put a piece of white lumb sugar into it, and place it on the kitchen mantleshelf or anywhere that the temperature will not be under 60deg. Fahr. In the morning the water, if pure, will be perfectly clear; if contaminated by sewage or other impurities, the water will be milky. This is a simple and safe test, well known in chemistry.

### Natural Inference.

Americans still have the name in the old country of being very free with their money. Hence this story from the London Telegraph:

'Princess street, sir?' said a cabby outside a Yorkshire railway station to his fare. 'Why, that's only half a minute's walk from 'ere.'

'Never mind, drive away,' answered the gentleman.

'But I can't charge you less than eighteen pence, sir; that's the legal fare.'

'All right, my good man; only start quickly, and I'll give you a couple of fares.'

Cabby jumped upon the box with a beaming face, flicked up his horse, and shouted jocosely to an imaginary wife.

'Don't wait dinner if I'm late, Mary Ann! I'm takin' the King o' Klondike to his imperial habode!'

Scarlet flowers are said to stand drought better than any others.

No fewer than 1,173 persons have been buried in Westminster Abbey.

The thickness of the hair varies from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch.

During the Jordan's course of 120 miles it has twenty seven falls and descends 5,000 feet.

Tea is very cheap in china; in one province of the Empire good tea is sold at 1 1/4d. a pound.

Bank of England notes are numbered backward—from 10,900, hence the figures 00,001.

The deepest coal mine in the world is the Lambert, in Belgium; you can descend 3,490 ft.

A hive of 5,000 bees should produce 50lb of honey every year, and multiply ten fold in five years.

Italy produces annually 70,000,000 gallons of olive oil, the market value of which is £24,000,000.

It is estimated that there are 62,050,000 horses in the world, 185,150,000 cattle, and 435,500,000 sheep.

The longest span of telegraph wire in the world is in India, over the River Kistna. It is over 6,000ft. in length.

Cyclists should wear shoes with soles of average thickness. Thin solid shoes cause numbness of the feet, and should not be worn, especially on long rides.

In a home for sandwichmen in London there are said to be several University graduates and medical men, and a Scotchman who ran through £50,000 in three years.

Egypt is the only country in the world where there are more men than women. The male sex in the dominions of the Khedive exceeds the female in numbers by one hundred and sixty thousand.

Smoking a pipe of medium size, says a statistician, a man blows out of his mouth every time he fills the bowl 700 smoke clouds. If he smokes four pipes a day for twenty years, he blows out 20,440,000 smoke clouds.

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