

## ASTRA AND THE BIRDS.

## DIFFERENCES AND DISTINCTIONS IN FEATHERS.

Some Queries of a Correspondent Answered—Why Women Should Not Abet the Slaughter of Song Birds—Some Words on Parents and Children.

The following letter has been handed to me by the editor, as belonging properly to my department, dealing, as it does, with an article of mine in a recent issue, the sentiments of which the writer evidently does not approve:

DEAR PROGRESS.—Please give Astra the enclosed. I wonder if she wears kid gloves or seal skin jacket and cap. If she would use her pen in trying to make parents see the mistake they are making in letting their boys on the street until very late, it would be energy spent in a direction which might bring forth good results. It is more cruel in women to let their children run the risk of so much contamination than for the said women to wear birds on their heads and kids on their feet.

I think the electric light is in a manner a curse to the rising generation, as some mothers do not seem to know when daylight ceases or night begins. Don't you agree with me in thinking these parents make a great mistake?

## ONE OF YOUR READERS.

Looking at it from my immature standpoint, I think the people who make such a fuss about birds worn on bonnets are very illogical. It cannot make the slightest difference to the bird whether it is to be worn as a "thing of beauty" after it is killed, or eaten to sustain human nature. It hurts the quail just as much to be killed for our benefit as it does the bird of beautiful plumage. We can just as well eat vegetables or cereals as quail, but the fact of the matter is man lays tribute to all other animal life, and if we would be true reformers and logical ones we would not wear the skin of the kid, or the beautiful coat of the seal, or the leather of the sheep or cow, or any of the choice fabrics that cost so many lives.

Be consistent, dear reformer, and take down the antlered stag's head from your library walls and discard the ostrich feathers from your knightly cap or spreading fan, for ostriches are reared and kept only to provide you with these luxuries. And a bird pie is as great an atrocity as a row of stuffed humming birds on a woman's hat.—Detroit Free Press.

The newspaper cutting which you enclose, my dear "reader" is from the *Detroit Free Press* I observe, but I do not know whether that fact makes the writer any more intangible than I am myself; indeed, judging from some of his arguments, I think I have rather advantage of him as his comparisons are far from logical. In the first place, he uses the quail as his chief examples, and says we can all eat vegetables or cereals as well as quails and while I am perfectly willing to admit the correctness of this statement, I scarcely think it worthy of consideration since quails form so very small a part of the average Canadian's everyday diet, that it scarcely seems fair to compare the number of violent deaths amongst the quail family with those which take place in the ranks of the singing birds, and even if they did, I referred to the *wanton* slaughter of birds for decorative purposes, not to those which are killed for food, to the birds which would be alive, and happy, but for woman's vanity, the millions sacrificed for millinery purposes.—It is a sad and a sorrowful thing I know, to think of the innocent lives that are sacrificed so we may be fed, the animals that die to keep us alive; and I say it in all sincerity that if my abstaining from flesh meat would make others do so, and save even a few of those defenceless lives, I would willingly promise never to taste meat again as long as I live. But, unfortunately, I am such a small unit that my objection would not be of any use, and the animals would die just the same. With regard to the skins of the calf, the cow and the kid, to which the gallant defender of the quails refers so feelingly, I think he forgets that they are only used after the animals themselves have been killed for food, that even the noble stag who once bore the antlers he refers to, was probably shot for venison, and that ostriches are not killed for their plumes, but carefully and tenderly nurtured, the plumes being removed twice a year just before moulting time and when they are what is called "ripe" so that the pain is not as great as the plucking out of 26 or 27 hairs would be to us, when the feathers are not quite ripe they are carefully cut off and the ostrich is no worse after the operation than he was before, except as far as looks are concerned. So much for the arguments of the writer in the *Detroit Free Press*.

As for "One of your Readers" I think I can answer her rather irrelevant letter in a very few words. She wishes to know whether I wear a sealskin jacket, and kid gloves or not; and though I cannot quite see that it is any affair of hers since she is so deeply interested in my wardrobe. I have much pleasure in satisfying her curiosity on that point, and informing her that I do not wear a sealskin jacket: I believe very few newspapers indulge in such a luxury, and though plead guilty to wearing kid gloves occasionally on Sunday I usually avail myself to a much larger extent of the product of the silkworm and cotton plant in summer, and I wear mittens a great deal in winter. I confess that I do wear shoes and even boots, but it is not considered either modest or cleanly in the best society to go about barefooted, and stockings would wear out so quickly if they were not protected by boots, that I scarcely see my way to any immediate reform in this direction, for rubbers are too unhealthy to be worn constantly. "One of your Readers," next remarks that if I would use my pen in trying to make parents see the mistake they are making in letting their children stay out so late at night, it would be energy spent in a direction which might bring forth good results. Of course I may be mistaken, but it seems to me rather a long step from the unless slaughter of birds to the subject of dictating to pa-

rents as to the manner in which they shall bring up their own children; but yet I think I can answer this also, by telling "one of your Readers" that my reason for not interfering in such a matter is the fact that I have a great objection to either talking or writing about subjects I know nothing about; and as I am not a parent myself, and never have been, I am fully convinced that most fathers and mothers know far more about bringing up their children than I do, so I should be sorry to offer them any suggestions upon a subject on which I am densely ignorant myself. I spoke about the slaughter of singing birds because I had given the subject a great deal of attention, read it up carefully and felt that I knew a little about it. I think myself that if I had a flock of olive branches of my own I should try to have them all in bed by seven or eight o'clock, and in a very large majority of the families I am acquainted with, this is the rule: but yet I am fully aware that I cannot make others see with my eyes or change their opinions to suit mine; and so I fully agree with King Solomon that, in most cases at least, "a still tongue maketh a wise head."

I trust this explanation will satisfy, without offending, "One of your Readers," and that she will consider I have made a proper use of her somewhat dictatorial letter.

ASTRA.

## DO NOT WALK TOO FAR.

There Is Such a Thing as Overdoing This Kind of Exercise.

Few persons are aware that violent pedestrian exercise by generating more carbonic acid than the lungs can conveniently let off, fills the system with poison and stiffens the muscle. It is, for this reason, very dangerous if the heart is weak. The professional pedestrian is hardly ever lithe, whereas the equestrian is graceful because without filling his blood with the poison I have just named, the effect of which is shortness of breath, sometimes with a stitch in the left side, so says *Truth* of London.

Cyclists make journeys of hundreds of miles without getting knocked up. This is because the lungs are not overstrained as in a long, quick walk or pedestrian race. Alpine climbing is worse than running. It has been noticed that Alpine climbers, whose forbears were not time out of mind Switzers, begin to break down after eight or nine seasons of mountaineering and age prematurely. I am glad to know this, because I care little for mountain scenery and feel as if in jail when Alp rises above Alp around me. The strong sunlight from dawn to dusk and the simple and reposeful horizon of the plain are far more congenial to me than the patchy lights and chillingly deep shadows of mountains.

Ladies, it also occurs to me, may be interested to know that a muddy complexion is often a consequence of violent clambering of hills, the blood losing, when overcharged with carbonic acid, its ruddy glow, and the skin delicacy in trying to aid in working off the poison. So, clear complexions are much more common in "rolling" countries than in highlands. The Swedish women have in this respect a great advantage over the Norwegian, and so far as I can judge from personal observation the Ayrshire girls have more to be proud of than the Highland lasses.

Those who go in for pedestrianism and lawn tennis should carefully drill their breathing organs to keep their good looks (when blessed with them) or to improve their appearance when they are not good looking. Spirits suffer just as much as appearance from the self-poisoning process of which I have been speaking. Have you ever noticed what fearful dull and cross beings gentlemen become after a hard day's deerstalking?

## Whence the Water of the Great Lakes?

Where do the waters of Lake Michigan come from? is an old question, and it is a question as old as the artesian wells. Where do their waters come from? Col. Foster, an eminent civil engineer, for many years in charge of government interest on the lake, was fond of talking on the first subject.

"Every drop of those waters," he was often heard to declare, "came from the Rocky mountains." His theory was that they were brought there subterraneously, but he never, to our knowledge, marked out the course of the subterranean stream.

The phenomenon is the running out of this lake through the others of the easterly chain and over Niagara Falls of an incalculable quantity of water, and this continually every minute in the hour, every hour in the day, every day in the year, and every year in progressive time!

The lake has no visible inlets; where, then, does it get its replenishment? From the Rocky mountains.

Through rents and crevices, down into caverns at the roots of these mountains, pour over the waters from melting snow. Four thousand feet they sink to strike a gravity incline that levels with their floor under Chicago.

Under this city and elsewhere on the west side of lake Michigan—this is the proved theory, theory as good as proved—the snow-covered Rocky mountains are constantly sending their waters to supply flowage and evaporation that is ever going forward in the watery expanse.—Chicago Herald.

## Weather Forecast—A Wet, Cool Summer Predicted.

The Autumn of 1891 having been unusually dry, and followed by a mild winter with an extremely light snow-fall, and again by a very dry spring, it will naturally follow according to the law of compensation that we shall have a wet, cool summer.

This, although an unpleasant prospect, is not as bad as it might be. Chemical science has been busy since last summer and has provided against such an unpleasant event. We refer to the recently discovered compound for water proofing known as Rigby, by which any woolen fabric may be rendered waterproof and at the same time remain perfectly porous. A Rigby proofed overcoat does not confine the perspiration like a rubber coat, consequently its wearers do not experience that clammy feeling which is always the attendant discomfort of a rubber or Mackintosh coat. It keeps out the rain, is light, dry and comfortable.

## A CALGARY MIRACLE.

## THE MOST WONDERFUL CASE EVER RECORDED IN THE NORTHWEST.

Miss Lela Cullen is Rescued From What Her Physicians and Friends Thought to be her Deathbed.

Winnipeg Tribune.

CALGARY, N. W. T., Oct. 20, 1892.—For sometime past the residents of this town have been deeply interested in the case of Miss Lela Cullen, a young lady who had so nearly approached the portals of the great unknown, that her friends despaired of her recovery, and who has now, fully indeed almost miraculously, regained her health and strength. Having read on various occasions in the *Tribune* the particulars of what appeared to be miraculous cures, your correspondent determined to investigate the case of Miss Cullen, and now sends you the particulars, fully believing that you will be justified in giving the widest publication.

When your correspondent visited the residence of Mrs. Cullen, the mother of the young lady, he was courteously received, and in reply to his enquiries as to whether she would be willing to give the facts of her daughter's wonderful recovery, for publication for the benefit of other sufferers, Mrs. Cullen readily assented. "My daughter's first illness," said Mrs. Cullen, "was in June, 1890, when she was taken with the measles. At that time she was seventeen years of age, tall, fine looking and exceedingly healthy, weighing about 140 pounds. All the family took the measles, and all got over them without trouble, except Lela. Her case from the first baffled all the ordinary remedies used for that disease, and as the measles did not come out, a physician was called in. He administered remedies, but with no better results, and her case seemed to baffle the physician's skill. After a few weeks, my daughter began to improve somewhat, but did not regain her former strength, and six weeks after she was first taken ill, her face, neck and limbs broke out in blotches. The doctor was again called in, and said it was the measles getting out of her system, and that she would soon be all right again. The doctor's statement was not verified, however, for not only did my daughter not improve, but she gradually grew worse. Soon after she began to swell, first the feet, then the limbs, breast and face became puffed up. Another doctor was called in, and he pronounced her trouble dropsy, resulting from the measles. The doctor attended her all winter, and although he seemed to do all in his power for her, she gradually became weaker and weaker. She did not eat, and tonics failed to improve her appetite, and as she gradually grew weaker she lost her courage, felt that hope of life was fast slipping away. In the spring the doctor's medicine having done her no good, was discontinued, and instead he gave her preparations of beef, iron and wine, hypophosphites, eggs, cream, etc. In fact, stimulants of this kind had to be constantly forced upon her to keep her alive and I gave up all hope of her recovery, and in my misery waited for her death. She was now so weak that she could not walk across the floor, and in order to rest her we would lift her into a chair, where she would sit for a short while when we would again place her in bed. She was slowly but surely dying before our eyes, and nothing we could do was of avail. She was still puffed up, and nothing the doctors could do would reduce the swelling. Her limbs would no longer support her and she could only sit up a very short time each day. In this condition she lingered on until August, 1891, some fifteen months after she was first taken ill, and while we were sorrowfully awaiting what seemed the inevitable end, a ray of hope came. I read in a newspaper of a remarkable cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and, while I feared that I had heard of this wonderful medicine too late, I hoped almost against hope and sent to the headquarters of the company at Brockville, Ont., for a supply. At this time Lela was not able to be removed from bed; her weight was reduced to 90 pounds, and her lips were blue. You will thus see how little hope there appeared for her when she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken the first box, although there was no visible improvement, she thought they were doing her good, and her spirits began to rise. At the end of the second box I could notice the improvement, and Lela was very hopeful, and felt life was returning to her again. After she had been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a month she was able to get up, and by October she was so well that she could superintend work about the house. She still continued taking the Pills, and rapidly recovered all her old-time health, strength and spirits. "I cannot tell you," continued Mrs. Cullen, "how deeply grateful I am for the wonderful medicine that saved my daughter's life. You may be sure that both me and mine will always warmly recommend it, as we have every reason to do."

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Linwood, Ont.

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# AT

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