

"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Progress, St. John.]

I have to thank my correspondents again for their kindness in sending me information asked for this time concerning the lines:

"He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win, or lose it all."

Mr. H. Wild, of Halifax, writes to inform me that the quotation is from a poem called "My dear and only love," written by the Marquis of Montrose, while, by the kindness of Miss Ellen McInerney, of Moncton, I am enabled to give "L. Vida" the entire poem. And I thank this lady most warmly for the trouble she has taken in hunting it up and copying it for me.

My dear and only love,
My dear and only love I pray,
This noble world of thee,
Be governed by no other way,
But purest monarchie.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.
Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts shall evermore disdain,
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch
To win, or lose it all."
—James Graham, Earl of Montrose.

It is a quaint and pretty old poem, which I am very glad to have, as I do not remember seeing it in any of my collections of poetry, though of course it may be there.

And now here is a "Rose" from Bridgewater, Nova Scotia asking me for a recipe for Pot Pourri, so I will be able to kill two birds with the one stone, as it were, and answer "A Yellow Birch" at the same time.

Really, girls! if you knew what a time I had finding those two recipes you would be both grateful and sympathetic.

In the first place I had to unearth the entire file of last year's PROGRESS and open each page, only to find that my file was incomplete and the particular one I wanted not there; you know newspapers will get dusty when they are laid away, and I wish you could have seen my fresh, clean blouse when I had brought that search to a conclusion. It looked as if I had worn it for a month! I did not feel very good natured about it, as I could not possibly make matters any worse. I attacked a pile of old Toronto Mails, and finally found what I was looking for nearly at the bottom of the collection; so here it is:

Gather the roses on a dry day, take a large bowl, and throw in a handful of salt, then three of rose leaves, till it is filled. The last layer must be of salt. Let it remain five days, stirring and turning twice a day, it will then be quite moist; at the end of that time add three ounces of stick cinnamon and one ounce of cloves sprinkled through the mass in layers, a little sliced ginger, one ounce of aniseed bruised, ten grains of musk, one-half pound of dried lavender flowers and one ounce of orris root. Add rose water, lavender water, or essential oils. (2) Gather four quarts of rose leaves, sprinkling in a deep dish, a layer of salt, and one of rose leaves until all the leaves are used. Leave this covered for one week, then add three ounces of coarsely powdered allspice and one ounce of cinnamon; let this stand a week, then add one ounce of allspice, one of cloves, one of cinnamon, two nutmegs—all coarsely powdered—some sliced ginger root, four grains of finest musk, one-half pound of lavender flowers, two ounces of orris root, and moisten the whole with cologne and essential oils; you will then have a fragrant and lasting pot-pourri.

Now, with all due respect to the writer of these recipes, I really think the above would be rather "moist, damp, unpleasant" messes, and would recommend the rose leaves being dried in the manner I recommended last week; my own cherished, but lost recipe which was that used by the Carmelite nuns gave that method of drying the leaves, and I remember that it also directed two ounces of whole cloves and a drachm—teaspoonful—each of oil of rosemary, oil of cedar, oil of cloves, and oil of cinnamon. So, I think, your best plan would be to dry the leaves and then follow either of the above recipes with the additions I have suggested. You will find that a 25 cent bottle of Hoyt's German cologne is an excellent perfume to use in moistening the pot-pourri after it is finished. I hope "Rose" and "A Yellow Birch" will find these of some use to them.

EUNICE, Richibucto.—I thank you very much for your kind and encouraging words about my column. I am always glad to hear that my efforts to please both boys and girls are appreciated, and that I am successful in making my column attractive. (1) Well, no, scarcely, my dear; but I must say that I think they will be engaged very soon at that rate. (2) I hardly know how to answer this question, and, indeed, your own heart is the best guide. If you think it would hurt the other girl to do so, I would certainly put myself in her place, think how I would feel were the case my own, and discourage the young man as much as possible. If he changes the object of his devotion so often, I should think he must be very fickle, and the less you see of him the better; he might serve you in the same way some day. (3) If he is an old, or intimate friend, there would be nothing at all out of the way in doing so, but if he is a comparative stranger it would be rather presumptuous, and familiar, so I should decline. (4) If it were all white or cream color it would be very pretty and suitable, but not a figured one. Nuns veiling would be preferable in that case. Somehow custom seems to have prescribed that a bride's dress shall be either all white, or else the severely simple travelling gown. Cream colored cashmere would be lovely, and cream colored pongee silk,—of which you can get an excellent quality anywhere for 45 cents a yard—prettiest of all. You could have two of the bridesmaids if you wish, but it is more usual to have only one at a quiet wedding, and you know attendants of any kind are very frequently dispensed with now. I assure you that it will be quite correct to follow your own inclinations in the matter. You did not write too much at all.

A YELLOW BIRCH.—You see great minds often run in the same groove, and the same idea seems to have occurred to us both about the poem. I was very much amused when I read your letter, and you see two kind friends have set us both right this week. I found the pot-pourri recipe, and I hope they will not be too late for you. I cannot help telling you what a beautiful hand you write. I have shown the envelope to several people and it—mean the writing—has been greatly admired; let me see it again some time.

H. WILD.—Halifax.—Many thanks for the trouble you took in answering my query about the authorship of the quotation.

ASTRA.

Brothers and Sisters at Home.

Recent paragraphs on the question of brothers and sisters at home have called my attention to it, says a writer in *The Bits*. The question is whether sisters should give way to their brothers in the home. Now, personally, I think that girls ought to be to some degree subordinate to their brothers; for this there are many reasons. Boys are, as a rule, more experienced, for their age, than girls, and should be entitled to a slight smack of deference on this score.

Of course, if a girl is older, that alters the case, and I think then that she should be allowed to act independently of her brothers, and to use her own judgment. However, whenever the girls are younger than the boys I think it is only right and proper that the girls should be controlled to some extent by the boys; this applies very forcibly to the lower middle class.

I know many parents are fond of exalting their daughters over their sons, much to the ultimate detriment of the girls, because it gives them false ideas of the world, inasmuch as they find, if they have occasion to go out and earn their own living, that very little consideration is awarded them on the score of sex, and the deference with which they were treated at home is minus.

This exaltation of the female child—if I may so term it—creates a lot of unpleasant feeling in the house, simply because the girls, on account of their favoured position, abuse this partiality, and are apt to boast of it. I know from practical experience that this is so.

On the other hand, if the boys are allowed to act, as their sex demands, as the natural protectors and physical superiors of their sisters, a happy state of affairs exists in the household. There is very little bickering, no bothers, and rarely any of those miserable squabbles which often occur in families where the sisters are petted and praised to the skies, and the boys are bullied. Where this is the case the boys fly to the aid of their sisters on all occasions, and are only too proud to render them assistance, which they grudge to sisters who have been taught to consider themselves superior, and whom brothers should look up to, and obey.

Danger from Tight Corsets.

A case of jaundice due to movable kidney has recently been reported by Dr. White, a physician to Guy's hospital, London, which throws some light upon the fact long ago observed, that jaundice and gallstones occur much more frequently in women than in men, and especially in women who are addicted to tight lacing. In Dr. White's case the right kidney was movable, and he believed the jaundice to be produced by the pressure of the kidney upon the gall duct.

In his account of the case Dr. White quotes Landau as saying that jaundice is more common in women with movable right kidney than in others. That the right kidney is frequently movable in women who are addicted to tight lacing is, we think, fully established by the statistics which we have collected and published upon this subject. We found mobility of the right kidney in nearly one-third of the adult women who have been addicted to tight lacing in 200 women who were carefully examined upon this point.

The kidney is displaced and rendered movable in consequence of compression of the liver, which would doubtless suffer far more than it does as the result of abuse were it not for the remarkable recuperative property possessed by this interesting organ. A German experimenter has shown that the experiments of Von Meister and Poulik have shown that the liver reproduces portions which have been removed. In animals three-quarters of the liver has been removed without causing death, and complete regeneration of the part removed was found to have taken place within thirty-six days after removal.—*Good Health*.

Has She the Secret of Perpetual Youth?

"Perhaps the most remarkable woman in the world lives in Santiago, Chili," said Robert A. Bonham, an American who has spent several years in South America. "She is apparently a well preserved woman of 35, rather good looking, spry as a girl, and is a pronounced coquette, yet it is known positively that she is 80 years of age and may be much older. She has a granddaughter who looks old enough to be her mother. This remarkable woman is of Spanish extraction, a native of Peru, and her name is Boeckman, her second husband, now dead, being a German. Middle-aged people aver that she was a grown woman when they were children, and that she does not look a day older now than she did then. She is regarded with superstitious awe by the more ignorant of the natives, over whom she could undoubtedly exercise great influence were her morals not so notoriously bad. She is passionately fond of dancing, has a musical voice, snapping black eyes, and a beautiful set of teeth."

"She claims that she owes her wonderful preservation to a charm which an old half-breed Indian doctor exercised over her when she was a child. She says she will neither grow old nor die until the charm is broken. Some of the natives express the belief that she is in league with the devil. She got into an altercation with a young woman not long ago and cut her seriously, but the latter was afraid to enter complaint against her, lest she should exercise some baleful influence over her. It is said that she has many admirers, and is soon to be married to a young Chilean of considerable wealth."—*State Democrat*.

SEASONABLE RECEIPTS.

Specially Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Editor Seasonable Receipts, Progress, St. John.]

I have not yet had an opportunity of testing "Astra's" receipt for "Strawberry Pie," but I shall do so this week. It is new to me and that makes it all the more welcome. I am sure it must be nice if the paste be well made, as everything would depend upon the quality of the paste, I should judge.

It has been said that the discovery of a new dish is of more importance to the world than the discovery of a new comet, and as I have spent the greater part of the last twenty years in providing three meals a day in public and private establishments, I am able to appreciate the truth of the adage. I think it would be a good thing for all concerned in the great question of "What shall we give for dinner today," and especially for those who read this column, if they would send me for publication any specialties that have proved satisfactory to themselves and to their friends. In this way many good things—and I know there are many "homely" receipts that are really excellent—would be made more widely known, and the world be so much the better off. I have said before that the professional cooks do not know all about cooking, and the best can learn something from the modest housewives, who do not pretend to know anything at all about the art, I shall therefore be pleased to hear from others also.

Refreshing Drink.

Mrs. W.—The following will be found very nice for a garden or lawn party: Now that fresh fruits are plentiful, a delicious drink may be made by mixing two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one of lemon juice, a pint of the juice and pulp of strawberries or raspberries, a pine apple grated, two quarts of water, or soda water, and ice enough to make very cold. Three quarts of beverage can be made with these articles. Serve in a punch bowl, or in glass pitchers.

Strawberry Ice Cream, a la Surprise.

Put three pints of strawberries in a deep dish with one cupful of sugar. Season three pints of cream with a cupful and a half of sugar and two table-spoonfuls of wine (optional.) Freeze this. Take out the beater and draw the frozen cream to the sides of the freezer. Fill the space in the centre with the strawberries and sugar, which cover with the frozen cream. Put on the cover and set away for an hour or more. When the cream is turned out garnish the base, if you please, with a row of fine berries. Raspberries or other fruit can be substituted for strawberries.

Blueberry Pudding.

For six persons use one quart of berries, one quart of milk, and a half of stale bread, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one quarter of a nutmeg, grated, and four table-spoonfuls of sugar.

Soak the bread and milk for two hours; then break up the bread with a spoon. Beat the eggs, salt, sugar, and nutmeg together. Add this mixture to the bread and milk. Stir well, and then add the berries. Turn into a pudding dish, and bake in a slow oven for fifty minutes. Serve with a creamy sauce or custard.

Gooseberry Tart.

For six persons use one quart of gooseberries, one cupful of sugar, a slight grating of nutmeg, one cupful and a half of flour, one-third of a cupful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, and about one-third of a cupful of cold water. Mix the baking powder, salt and butter lightly with the flour. Add the water gradually, stirring with a spoon. When a smooth paste is formed, turn it on to a board that has been sprinkled lightly with flour. Roll the paste down to a thin sheet about one-fourth of an inch thick. Fold it up and roll down again; then put in a cool place until the fruit is ready. If possible put it on ice. Free the berries of stems and blossoms; then wash them and put into an oval vegetable dish, heaping them in the centre. Grate the nutmeg, and sprinkle the sugar over the fruit. Now roll the paste into the shape of the top of the dish, but somewhat larger, to allow for turning the edges in a little. Cut a small slit in the centre of the paste, and lift it from the board to the dish, being careful to put it on evenly. Turn the edges in a little, and press them against the sides of the dish. Bake in a moderately hot oven for an hour; then set away to cool. At serving time sprinkle the top of the tart with sugar. This is delicious without any sauce, but cream or a soft custard may be served with it. Currant tarts are made in the same manner. All such things are nicer served cold than hot, but still they must be freshly made to be nice.

Suggestions.

Now is the time for boiled leg of mutton or lamb with young vegetables, and spring vegetable soup, for despite the array of savory viands and delectable dainties which may be produced by following modern modes of cooking, there is, for many people, nothing more attractive and satisfying than an old fashioned boiled dinner consisting of a boiled leg of lamb with young turnips, carrots and cauliflower. Do not forget the caper sauce for the lamb or mutton.

What Mothers Should Do.

As the boys grow up, make companions of them; then they will not seek companionship elsewhere. Let the children make a noise sometimes; their happiness is as important as your nerves. Respect their little secrets; if they have concealment, worrying them will never make them tell and patience will probably do it work. Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own; make them individuals and not mere echoes. Remember that without physical health mental attainment is worthless; let them lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body. Bear in mind that you are largely re-

A Thing Greatly Abused.

HARDLY anything receives less thanks and more abuse than a shoe. It is never thanked for the protection it renders against the cold of winter, the heat of summer, against thorns, tacks, glass, dust, sticks and stones. It is kicked about, scoffed at, trampled under foot, knocked around and thrown violently here, there or anywhere. Its eyes are blinded, its tongue torn out, and its very "sole" ground to powder in its constant, uncomplaining servitude.

The shoe, like sails to a ship, or wings to a bird, permits man always and with tireless motion, to push on towards the far objects of his measureless ambition. Let the ship thank its sails, the bird thank its wings, and man thank his shoes, and when they are worn out get them replaced at WATERBURY & RISING'S, where you can find an assortment of Russia Leather—Tan—Canvas and Kid Boots and Shoes suitable for this season.

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responsible for your child's inherited character and have patience with faults and failings.

Talk hopeful to your children of life and its possibilities; you have no right to depress them because you have suffered.

Teach boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them.

Find out what their special tastes are and develop them, instead of spending time, money and patience in forcing them into studies that are repugnant to them.

As your daughters grow up teach them at least the true merits of housekeeping and cookery; they will thank you for it in later life a great deal more than for accomplishments.

Try and sympathize with girlish flights of fancy, even if they seem absurd to you; by so doing you will retain your influence over your daughters and not teach them to seek sympathy elsewhere.

A Quaker's Wedding.

Bride and bridegroom took their seats in perfect silence, which reigned until one present offered up a prayer. Again stillness prevailed for some moments, and the bridegroom rose, saying, "Friends, here in the fear of the Lord, and in the Divine presence, I take this, my friend, Edith Mary Hanbury Agass, to be my wife, promising, in the fear of the Lord, and with the Divine assistance, to be to her a faithful and loving husband." The bride's formula was in similar words, and a gorgeous emblazoned and illuminated parchment, setting forth the contract of marriage, was then signed by both, and attested by several witnesses from both families. Two friends gave short addresses from scriptural texts, another prayer followed, and, when the civil register had been duly filled up, the ceremony was at an end.

The Coming Man.

I don't care a cent
Who the coming man is,
Nor what is his shape,
Nor the looks of his phiz;
Whether he's wealthy,
Or whether he's poor;
A scholar and wit
Or a consummate bore;
His religion is naught;
I don't care a snap
If he's English or Irish
Or Russian or Jap;
If he's tall or he's short,
If it's nothing to me,
Or a farmer on land
Or a sailor at sea,
If he's awkward or green
Or quite comme il faut;
Or fast as the wind
Or terribly slow;
Wherever he is—
From Beersheba to Dan,
Whoever is coming—
So I'm going—the man!
—*Lonely Lady in Free Press*.

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June 11.

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